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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## RAISING THE WIND.

A SOLDIER'S WIDOW, who is postmistress of a small office in Massachusetts, received the following communication the other day from the Hon. and Rev. James Harlan, Chairman of the Resident Grant Committee at Washington:

"Believing that you feel a deep interest in the success of the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President, we take the liberty to inclose the Committee's printed letter, requesting contributions to aid in publishing documents and defraying other necessary expenses of the campaign. If you can conveniently forward, as early as practicable, forty dollars (\$40), it will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged."

"Very respectfully,

JAMES HARLAN, Chairman."



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5, 1872.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Paper in America.

CAUTION.

We have received several letters recently from the Western States, notifying us that a man calling himself J. H. Johnson has been collecting subscriptions for our publications, and decamping with the money. We beg to announce, for the hundredth time, that we employ no traveling agents, and that all who represent themselves as such are impostors, who should be handed over to the police.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the only illustrated journal in the country which supports the great popular movement in politics which was initiated at the Cincinnati Convention, and having been now endorsed at Baltimore, will be crowned with success at the polls in November. It is, therefore, especially the campaign organ of the great Liberal Party of the country. We wish to call this fact to the attention of all who sympathize with us in this grand movement for Reform, and especially to our friends of the Press in the South and West.

BEHOLD WHAT WE HAVE DONE,  
AND WHAT WE WILL DO.

THE Reform Party is now barely three months old. Yet, behold its fruits. It has awakened the nation from end to end, and from ocean to ocean, in a conflict for law and good government.

We see the South coming forward under its inspiration, and offering all up on the altar of a common patriotism, and accepting the lead of a pronounced old-time, yet always manly, opponent. Offering up all—prejudices, dogmas, hatreds! The South—part of our traditions, of our glory, and much of our wealth—begs for Union, for the Constitution, and for our emigration and old-time brotherhood, and to be saved from the fate of Ireland.

And the entire Democratic Party of the nation has come forward and offered, with the Reform Republican Leaders, the same gifts on the same altar.

In this sublime spectacle, the narrow creatures of Grant affect to see only hypocrisy and such intrigue as animate their own souls! As if—for such is the force of their bloody argument—it is essential to the well-being of this nation that the sun shall shine for ever on "the broken and dissevered fragments of a once glorious Union." If we are not ripe for Reconciliation now, when shall we be? Can Grant, or Boutwell, or even the crafty Charles O'Connor (that cunning gentleman who stands before the nation as a candidate on the Special Plea of not a candidate, but still a candidate!)—can any, or all of these orators, brawlers, bruisers or jugglers answer that question? Shall our sections ever be reconciled? And if ever, why not now?

Don't reply that Grant will reconcile! How he "reconciles" is seen in his Southern wanton Carpetbag oppression, in a desolate, down-trodden, and plundered section, which has long since asked forgiveness and accepted terms; in the defalcations of his Bullocks and Scotts; in Grant's final lobby-rolling and filibustering in Congress for an extension of the Force Act over the prostrate and repentant South. Grant's "Reconciliation" is seen in the brutal appeals of Boutwell and Conkling and Morton, made to Whites and Blacks, "not to clasp hands over the bloody chasm."

For example of Grant's Reconciliation, mark this comparison, viz.: The collection of the Internal Revenue cost in Alabama, in 1871, 14½ per cent., while it cost in Illinois a fraction less than 2 per cent. It cost in Arkansas a fraction over 27 per cent., while in Indiana it was less than 3½ per cent. It cost in Florida more than 18½ per cent. It cost in Georgia more than 13 per cent. It cost in Mississippi a fraction over 23 per cent., and in Massachusetts less than three. It cost in North Carolina between 10 and 11 per cent., and in

New York a fraction over 2½. It cost in Texas 24 per cent.

Is the South to be the forage-ground for Grant's satraps for evermore? Shall not the end now come?

Cæsar, when returning to Rome after the overthrow of Pompey, allowed the statue of his conquered rival to be erected in the capital, and gave his most prominent followers place in his Administration. When Latium rebelled, the Roman Senate said, "Let us make them our fellow-citizens, and so add to our power and glory." Greece permitted no triumphal procession to mark civil wars. It was a Decree of the Council of Grecian States that "It is not fitting any record shall remain of discord between Greek and Greek." The same policy was pursued by Henry IV., through the Edict of Nantes, and by the great Napoleon; and in England by Edward I., and Charles II., upon his restoration; and by William of Orange.

It remains to the Christian American Grant to adhere to a policy compared with which that of the Heathen Romans and Greeks was Christian, and as compared with which the policy of emperors and kings is humane and democratic.

It is to this vital issue that the Democratic Republican Reform Party has directed the eye and the mind and the heart of the nation. And it is a very Hercules in its cradle, as that hydra, Grantism, will find, boast how it may over its decreased majorities in New England, where it hurled its legions of hirelings and dependents in aggregate force, and where its money flowed like rain.

POLICE OUTRAGES.

IN the columns of the Daily Press, the public has read the particulars of a recent scandalous outrage, the victim of which was Mr. Matt. Morgan, a gentleman connected with this office. We are glad to note the general tone of condemnation which, after hearing both sides, is pronounced upon the conduct of Mr. Morgan's assailant.

The material facts of the case may be briefly told: On the evening of September 14th, Mr. Morgan had occasion to make a late call, on pressing business, upon a gentleman—whose address he had obtained only late on that day—at 37 Nassau Street. At the hour he called, 8:45 P. M., the front door was closed, but he obtained entrance by a side door, on Liberty Street, being directed to the rooms he sought, which were on the fourth floor, by some children who admitted him into the building, they having the keys. On ascending, he found the hall in darkness; but, on calling in a loud voice to know if there was any person up-stairs, the janitress emerged from an adjacent room, demanding to know what was wanted. Mr. Morgan quietly explained his business, and on being answered that there was no one in Room 28, desired to place a card under the door. This the woman hotly refused him permission to do, and began to hustle Mr. Morgan toward the stairs. His natural expostulations against such violence brought out the janitor of the building—the husband of the gentle female—who instantly began a ferocious attack on Mr. Morgan, with the evident intention of throwing him down-stairs. A scuffle ensued, and while Mr. Morgan was working his retreat as cautiously as he could under the trying circumstances of the excited janitor hanging to his neck, the woman and children were in the street, shouting for the police.

An officer named Henry Leeworth now appears on the scene, and whatever of violence, cruelty and obscenity had been lacking in the janitor's attack on the unfortunate Mr. Morgan, was fully made up by this brutal ruffian. For, instead, as was his duty, of arresting quietly an unresisting citizen, and taking him and his accuser to the nearest police-station in a decent, orderly manner, he, with a volley of shocking execrations, grappled Mr. Morgan by the throat, swore that he was a burglar of whom he had long been in search, thrust him before him through the street, knocking his hat off and with fresh blasphemies ordering him to pick it up, and finally striking him on the arm with his club under pretense that a pistol was about to be drawn upon him. Arriving at last at the Beekman Street station-house with his captive, he actually charged Mr. Morgan with burglary; and the sergeant, whose stupidity seems on a par with the ruffianism of his subordinate officer, entertained the complaint in spite of Mr. Morgan's respectability being vouched for by friends who were quickly on the spot, and the evidence of his account-book with this office being found in his pocket when he was searched.

The janitor of 37 Nassau Street also appeared, to make a charge of assault on himself and his wife, which he desired to withdraw when he found what sort of person he had to deal with; but Mr. Morgan insisted that it should be made.

Finally, Mr. Morgan, after being locked up all night in a police-cell, was taken on Sunday morning to the Tombs, and immediately discharged.

Such facts carry their own comment, and no representations of ours can make them more grave. An innocent gentleman, in the zealous pursuit of his calling, is wantonly and cruelly attacked. In that there is nothing uncommon, and it is one of those incidents which a man may almost reckon upon who ventures after dark into any unfrequented part of the city. Call, if you like, the janitor part of this semi-tragedy a mistake, disagreeable enough certainly, yet one which daylight and a good-tempered explanation might have set right. But no such consideration can apply to the innate brutality of the police officer. On his part, at least, there was no mistaken zeal, but only the unreasoning ferocity of a coward, who sees danger in every shadow, and a skulking felon in every unknown person whom he meets on his beat. Yet, it is to such ruffians as this, who disgrace their uniform, that we are asked to intrust the care of our persons and property, and the public is expected to overlook the "discrepancies"—to borrow a euphemism invented by one of this class, who, a few days since, was sent to a twenty years' penal servitude for burglary—of some of the members of the force, out of consideration for the eminent services of others.

We, however, are not disposed to indulge in such tenderness, nor to be reckoned among the adherents of the false and pernicious principle which is gradually winning its way among us—another proof of the demoralization which surrounds wealth—that property is of more value than life, and the immunity from capricious and violent arrests a less precious right than the security of our goods. A blow from a police officer's club on an unresisting and peaceable prisoner is just as much a crime as if the officer were a private citizen. It is even a worse crime, because the officer is the representative of the law, and as such is bound to show the forbearance which is the guiding principle of the law toward all but convicted criminals.

Unfortunately, our Courts are too much disposed to leave to the Commissioners of Police the investigation and punishment of the "discrepancies" of their officers, and it is only natural that they should shield their men as far as possible. The only punishment the Commissioners can inflict is that of dismissal from the force; but after that, there are Courts which can be trusted to deal out full justice to the miscreant whose misdeeds it has been our unpleasant duty to record.

THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER.

LONG ago the New York Times—when it could know nothing, of course, about the facts in the case—perly denied, on behalf of the implicated members of Congress, the charges sworn to by Mr. McComb in the Crédit Mobilier matter. Next came the evasive "denials" of Messrs. Blaine and Dawes; and now Mr. Oakes Ames comes to the front and scolds the idea that he was in any way instrumental in the alleged corruption.

To determine this case, but a few simple points need be considered. First, it must be remembered that the charge is not one made by the newspapers, but that it is part of the record of sworn evidence in a pending lawsuit. Next, people who consent to be bribed will naturally deny the impeachment, be these who they may, whether officials or laymen.

But the great difficulty in this matter of the denial by Mr. Ames is the fact that two letters are produced, in his writing, and admitted so to be in open court, of date, respectively, January 25th and 30th, 1868, from which we extract the essence—all which is necessary to the point, and all our space permits:

"H. S. McComb, Esq.—DEAR SIR: Yours of the 23d is at hand, in which you say Senators Bayard and Fowler have written you in relation to their stock. I have spoken to Fowler, but not to Bayard. I have never been introduced to Bayard, but will see him soon. You say I must not put too much in one locality. I have assigned, so far as I have given, to four from Massachusetts; one from New Hampshire; one, Delaware; one, Tennessee; one-half, Ohio; two, Pennsylvania; one, Indiana; one, Maine; and I have three to place, which I shall put where they will do most good to us. I am here on the spot, and can better judge where they should go. I think after this dividend is paid we should make our capital \$4,000,000, and distribute the new stock where it will protect us. Let them have the stock at par and profits made in the future. . . . I have taken a half, Quigley a quarter, and you a quarter. Judge Carter wants a part of it. At some future day we are to surrender a part to him. Yours, truly, OAKES AMES."

This Judge Carter spoken of is the Grant Chief-Justice of the Washington District Court.

The second letter is even more distinct in its admission:

"WASHINGTON, January 30th, 1868.  
"H. S. McComb—DEAR SIR: Yours of the 25th is at hand, inclosing copy of letter from, or rather to Mr. King. I don't fear any investigation here. You do not understand, by your letter, what I have done and am to do with my sales of stock. You say, more to New York. I have placed some with New York, or agreed to. You must remember that it was nearly ALL PLACED AS YOU SAW ON THE LIST IN NEW YORK, and there was but 6 or 8 M for me to place. I could not give all they wanted or they might want out of that. You would not want me to offer less than one thousand (\$1) to any one. I have used this where it will produce most good to us, I think. I understand the opposition to it comes from

Alley. He is on the Finance Committee, and can raise money easy if we come short, which I don't believe we shall, and if we do, we can loan our bonds to the Company or loan them the money we get for the bonds. The contract calls for the dividend, and I say, have it. When shall I see you in Washington? Yours, truly, OAKES AMES."

And now Mr. Ames blackguards his old "chum," McComb, and calls him a Fisk black-mailer! After reading these letters from Mr. Ames, who will doubt that the following list of names—sworn to as on a memorandum of "placed stock"—as made in pencil by McComb at Ames's dictation, is true?—

Blaine, of Maine.....	3,000
Patterson, New Hampshire.....	3,000
Wilson, Massachusetts.....	2,000
Painter (Rep.) for Quigley.....	3,000
S. Colfax, Speaker.....	2,000
Seefeld and Kelley, Pennsylvania, each.....	2,000
Elliot, Massachusetts.....	3,000
Dawes, Massachusetts.....	2,000
Fowler, Tennessee.....	2,000
Boutwell, Massachusetts.....	2,000
Bingham and Garfield, Ohio, each.....	2,000

Indorsed: "OAKES AMES, Jan. 30th, 1868."

THE "ALABAMA" FIZZLE.

WHAT has the Alabama fizzle cost? Has it paid? We have made two "lords," Tenterden and a duke, and what else we have made—of the American Commissioners—remains to be told in history.

After an expense, great, though not yet determined, we have got about eleven millions indemnity for what it has cost us in the loss of two-thirds of our whole merchant marine—which, at the outbreak of the war, exceeded that of Great Britain. This pitiful payment is the grand result of the great High Joint Commission.

The query is, and the people would like to know, whether, with fêtes and dinners, we have not paid out much more than the balance likely to accrue to us when the final adjustment of accounts shall be made between our citizens and those of England?

MR. GREELEY, WEST

MR. GREELEY'S Western trip was distinguished by marked evidences of the public admiration and respect. He was everywhere greeted by great popular outpourings, as he moved along to deliver his Agricultural addresses, which latter are marked by thought, culture and wise suggestions. The farmers do not "laugh" at Mr. Greeley's Agricultural notions. On the contrary, his Book on Farming is in most of their houses.

Mr. Greeley's many little speeches on this trip are gems. They are epigrammatic and magnetic. He puts the points of the canvass where they should be put, viz.: on the issues of Peace and Reconciliation, on One Term and the Reform of Official Corruption. In this view he is sustained by the ablest and purest thinkers in the country, of all party antecedents.

The Liberal cause grows in strength daily, and all the signs point to its assured success. While the Grantites are chuckling over losses in Maine and Vermont, the Liberal cause points to the cheering indications in Illinois, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and New York, the pivot of the great battle, and where, unless all signs fail, our triumph is certain.

ADDRESSED TO CIVIL SERVICE  
MR. CURTIS.

THE following items on Grant's Civil Service Reform are worth the attention of our contemporary, Mr. Curtis, as "Chairman" of Grant's Civil Service Congressional Committee:

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"The assessment for re-electing General Grant, which has gradually been extending through the Post Offices and Custom Houses of the country, has at last reached Chicago, and, a day or two ago, the clerks in the Post Office, both male and female, and all the carriers, were called together by the chief clerk, and notified that they were invited to contribute out of their salaries a certain amount for campaign purposes. A consultation over General Grant's method of enforcing Civil Service Reform, however, did not impress the employés favorably, and they have, therefore, decided to pay this tax on their scanty earnings rather than be reformed out of their places. The desperate straits to which the Grant Party is reduced are shown by the necessity which compels its leaders to assess the pocketbooks of letter-carriers."

Last April, William A. Darling, the newly-appointed Grant Appraiser, thus addressed his "hirelings," in the name of his master:

"GENTLEMEN: You are aware that I have been appointed Appraiser, and you are, doubtless, anxious to know what I mean to do. I mean that you shall all support the Administration of General Grant. You are holding office under the Government, and you should support the Government. Every man in my department—every man in the Custom House—pledges himself, by holding an office, to stand by General Grant and his policy. Let that be perfectly understood. That is all I have to say to you at present."

To the above we add, that the 60,000 Federal office-holders have been assessed on an average of forty dollars each, which makes a total of two million four hundred thousand dollars



of the Grant Corruption Fund, that is sent by the car-load to re-elect Grant. Add to this Railroad Rings, such as carried Oregon for Grant last June, and all the other Grant subsidies which the Two-Term managers are putting in fearful motion, the land over, and the Reformers will partly see the sort of fight they are engaged in. We wonder what Mr. Charles O'Connor thinks of this "branch of the case"?

What Thomas Hart Benton predicted nearly a quarter of a century ago, as the result of the Two-Term Temptation, is new history. Below is what the Sage, Benton, said:

"The king of England is the fountain of honor; the President of the United States is the source of patronage. He presides over the entire system of Federal appointments, jobs and contracts. He has power over the support of the individuals who administer the system. He makes and unmake them. We must look forward to the time when the public revenue will be doubled—when the civil and military officers of the Federal Government will be quadrupled—when its influence over individuals will be multiplied to an indefinite extent; when the principle of public action will be open and avowed: *The President wants my vote, and I want his patronage.*"

## WHO FOUGHT THE LATE WAR?

**D**ID Grant fight the late war single-handed, like that ancient barbarian fellow named Cockles, or something of that sort, whom the French have done into so much insipid verse?

Even as the people now pay the War Debt, even so they had something to do with putting down the Rebellion. If the muscle of the people, hurled in crushing numbers on Lee, did not compel Lee's surrender, then surely, Grant's "generalship" (all Summer) did not produce that result.

The corpses lay, wedged in their gore, like piles of corded wood, all along Grant's final ghastly march; and this after the Rebellion was absolutely exhausted and dead.

Yet, assuming all he can be made to deserve, for Grant, were there no other brains, skill, courage or noted patriotism but his, in that struggle? Have we forgotten Rosecrans and Stone River and Murfreesboro? Have we forgotten McClellan? Have Hancock and Spotsylvania faded away? Is the memory of Thomas obliterated? Are all the leaders of battalions, and the Generals of Army Corps, wiped out from the tablets of our minds, as the schoolboy wipes out his scrawl from his slate?

## LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

No. XXVI.

### GRANT AS THE DEMORALIZER OF THE NATION.

**I**T is the duty of the Press to keep General Grant to the Record of his Administration. There is not a fact herein stated which is not verified by unimpeachable proof; and most of it has been attested by the oaths of disinterested witnesses. In the aggregate, the annexed Impeachment is so monstrous that it staggers belief! It is this Record at which Grant and his King are so terrified, that—to divert the people from it—their whole aim is to bring to the foreground the false, irrelevant, settled issues of the Rebellion. And it is just this sort of knavish defense (this subterfuge and hiding and skulking) which the American People, at their peril, must not be so stupidly blind as to permit.

Grant's tactics have been very much like those of Tweed; and his detection has come in pretty much the same way. Let the thoughtful reader go back over Grant's career, and connect it with what he sees about us, and the parallel cannot fail to strike him.

Grant began promptly (like Tweed) to drill the Public Service into a personal Army. He soon accomplished this feat, by subordinating the Cabinet, Senate, Public Bureaus, and all employees of the Government, down to the little ramifications of the Executive patronage. Hence we now see Cabinet Ministers, Senators, Members of Congress, Collectors, Clerks, all stripped of personal independence, and doing Grant's will, like the trained machinery of a despotic army. Like Tweed's, Grant's base of operations is in the Treasury. Tweed fixed his gripe on the Treasury of the city of New York. Grant's gripe is on the Treasury of the United States. This army of Retainers ("inspected" and spied upon by the Military Ring of Dents and Porters and Babcocks, which is the Ring of Grant's Household) Grant hurls combined on the conventions, on the elections and on the ballot-boxes of the States, just as Tweed hurled his Roughs on the precincts of this devoted city, and his tools on the Legislature. Tweed died, only in the pangs of what was well-nigh a Revolution; and Grant is expiring in a more furious, to be sure, yet in a like hurry. Copying Tweed's strategy of dividing to conquer by "set-up," paid-for "nominations," so we see Grant convicted of putting in motion the contemptible and corrupt portion of the Duncan machinery in Louisiana.

I ask the reader to go with me to the root of Grant's Demoralization, while I trace his Gift-bearing to its pernicious results.

Borie, Stewart and Hoar were among his first appointees to Cabinet places—true, Grant was forced to withdraw Mr. Stewart, but this fact does not in the least weaken the force of my recital. Stewart was among the original contributors of gifts to General Grant, in part of a fund which aggregated one hundred and five thousand dollars, and which General Grant thus acknowledged through Butterfield:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., February 17th, 1868.

"DEAR GENERAL: Your letter of the 15th inst., inclosing me the very handsome testimonial of the citizens of New York, with names of all the two generous contributors to it, is received.

"Through you I wish to thank the gentlemen whose names you have inclosed to me, individually and collectively. I have the honor to be,

"Your obt. serv't," U. S. GRANT."

Mr. Hoar, it is said, gave Grant a valuable library, and Borie was a large Gift-bearer. Now observe, from

this point, how the Gift poison has worked up to this hour, and behold the stream of corruption which flowed from it!

No sooner was it comprehended that the unknown Borie and the well-known Stewart had been officially recognized—for their gifts—than a clique went to work to secure one Robeson, a jolly New Jersey lawyer, as Borie's successor in the Navy Department. The country knew as little about Robeson as they did about Borie. This was the work of the Pennsylvania clique, headed by the Speculator Cattell, and helped by men like Cameron and the Secors. Robeson was secured; and Congressional investigations have proven that Robeson—on account of fraudulent payments to the Secors, and to Pennell and Roach—has illegally so paid out over three hundred thousand dollars from the Treasury. Evidently because of the unknown Robeson's pliant character, he was engineered by the Ring into the graces of the Gift-taking Grant.

The contagion of this example was not lost for an instant on our keen, shoddy-vending and spoils-smelling "Tom" Murphy. This honest creature at once proceeded to beg money for Grant from seven wealthy gentlemen of this city, who each subscribed the sum of seven thousand dollars to such fund. Here was an aggregate of thirty-five thousand dollars, which was forwarded to Grant. The President deposited that sum in bank and then, as a "blind," checked it out, to pay for his Long Branch cottage. The result of Murphy's agency in this affair was the removal of Grinnell, because Grinnell refused to let Grant's staff officer and special agent, Colonel Leet, swindle New York merchants to the gross tune of one hundred thousand dollars per year on the General Order business; and Murphy got, also, his own appointment, as Collector, which he degraded by illegal seizures; blackmail; fabulous advances on charges for storage; bribes demanded by all the Inspectors (but one) in the Custom House for the discharge of steamers—until the Evil grew so gigantic that the merchants of New York, who testified to all these rogues, stimulated a public sentiment which swept it out; when Murphy was driven by an indignant public into retirement, where he was disgustingly whitewashed by a fulsome letter from the President; a letter which was a wanton insult to every Reformer—like Dodge and Stewart—who, as eminent merchants, had unearthened Murphy and Leet's villainies. And even now Murphy's chosen successor is Collector of this port! Such is one short, pregnant chapter in the history of Grant's Gift-bearings.

Soon, over one hundred thousand dollars in gold were traced into the hands of Mrs. Corbin, Grant's sister, out of the Black Friday infamy—which speculation was tracked to the maneuvering of Fisk, Gould and Corbin, and to Grant's Sub-treasurer, and chief New York confidant, General Butterfield; and about thirty thousand dollars of the same speculation (as it was proven before the Congressional Investigating Committee) were brought home conclusively to Mrs. Grant, the President's wife! Let the reader remember that the Committee asked Grant to explain this damaging evidence before them, either in person or by proxy or letter, and that he declined in any way to confront the accusers before that Committee, as any honest citizen in the nation would have done, and done eagerly. How long would George Washington have rested (on his dignity) under such imputation, made before such a high tribunal—one composed of co-ordinate members of the Government, the Representatives of the People of the United States? Grant suffered the Committee to adjourn without one word of explanation from him—and all that he finally said about this shameful thing he did irresponsibly, through a Washington letter-writer, long after the Committee had made its report, and which was a mere news paragraph, an *on dit*, that could not be canvassed and investigated, as Grant's responsible statements could and would have been, had he dared to submit them to the legal ordeal of the Congressional Committee, his peers; as upright men, under like circumstances, invariably act, in all relations of life, high or low.

I now proceed to recall—without putting them in the exact order of the date of occurrence—several utterly disgraceful personal acts of Grant (the effect of the Gift-bearing virus) which are established beyond all cavil as facts. Here is one case: Grant's household staff officer, Porter, procured for him a paid up Life Insurance from the Equitable Company, for fifty thousand dollars. This feat Porter performed by telling an agent, named Wheeler, that if such a Policy could be procured, he, Wheeler, should have a commission of fifteen hundred dollars! Wheeler at once proceeded to beg the money from gentlemen in New York to pay up this Life Insurance. This being done, and duly forwarded to Grant, Wheeler pocketed his commission, and the military Porter no doubt was graciously patted on the head by the royal recipient, like the good collar-dog that he is!

The oft-quoted Washington Seneca Sandstone Company is another example of like corruption—similar to the Crédit Mobilier. Here the Government work is compelled, by Grant's office-holders, to be done with stone from this Company's quarry. Their books show the following stockholders, viz.: Grant, \$25,000; Porter, \$10,000; Babcock, \$10,000; and so on through the entire Ring!

When money was raised for the family of poor Rawlins, Grant subscribed one thousand dollars, in a check. This check was paid by Eric Gould, a prime conspirator on the Black Friday with Corbin. It is proven that the tool, General Butterfield (who was driven out of public life by the storm raised over his complicity with the knaves in the Black Friday Scoundrelism) was the Treasurer of the Rawlins Fund, to which said Gould had also subscribed one thousand dollars. When Butterfield called, with Corbin, on Gould for his personal contribution, he "suggested" that Gould "had better also take up the President's check!" A hint from Corbin to the Black Friday co-conspirator, Gould, was enough. He did so! And subsequently, when Grant met Gould at the pure hearth and home of brother-in-law Corbin, Grant "thanked Mr. Gould for his politeness!" This was an act in the Black Friday drama. Who can doubt it?

Look at the manner in which Grant procured his Washington house, out of which he overawed and so absolutely cheated Mr. Bowen, who had purchased it from him, and paid him a thousand dollars on account. Remark how Grant came by that house. It was thus: Grant's brother-in-law, Corbin, wanting to get rid of it, sold it to Grant for thirty thousand dollars, and took a mortgage on it for the whole amount. Then Corbin came to New York and begged the purchase money from several gentlemen, who finally gave it. In this way Corbin sold his house, pocketed so much of the gift-money as paid him for it, and then presented Grant with the mortgage! This mortgage was included as part of the original Gift Fund of One Hundred and Five Thousand Dollars, recited in the former part of this Letter. It is this house which Grant sold to the Sherman Gift Fund, raised for the benefit of General Sherman, while his written con-

tract was on record, of sale of the same to Bowen for forty thousand dollars—but the Gift Fund paid sixty thousand! This transaction at once demonstrates Grant's want of sensibility, as well as his lawlessness and avarice. If he was willing to cheat and overawe Bowen, why could he not be liberal with a sacred Gift Fund contributed for a brother officer, like the Sherman Fund?

Again, General Grant even stooped to accept the leavings, the dregs of the Mexican Embassy, as a gift, as follows: When the Mexican Minister, Romero, left Washington, he presented Grant his service of plate, and his horses and carriages, which were, of course, accepted. At that time the outcry was so great over this scandal, that Grant prudently sent the horses and harness and carriages out of the way, to his Missouri farm, where eager eyes could not gaze on and blush over (alas!) this pitiful degeneracy in a President of the United States.

Not content with his Nepotism, which is feeding twenty-four blood and family relatives, either of himself or his wife, on the Treasury, and their dependents—all of whom, from Cramer to Casey, and the Dents to old Jesse, have been shown to be corrupt or imbecile in their offices—it has been developed by the Boston Post that Grant descended to quarter his discharged family governess on the Government, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars—over the heads of good women who had been in the Treasury Department for nine years without promotion! As "Miss Nellie" had "gone abroad," this special companion was no longer needed in the palace, I suppose.

Only the other day, the 9th of September, it was proved in St. Louis that the United States Commissioner, sent there to locate the Custom House site, announced that for thirty thousand dollars, to be used for Grant in this canvass, certain St. Louis parties could have the location, but not otherwise! This is testified to by Mr. George Knapp, a most respectable citizen of St. Louis, who gives all the details of the attempted bribery, in which it appears that Grant himself told Judge Long that he had personally taken the question of selecting the site from Mr. Boutwell, and that he, Grant, would approve any location that "the Commission might select!"

Space fails me to do more than recall by hints a few salient facts to prove how this Gift-bearing Plague, emanating from the head of the Government, has infected and rotted its subordinates, so that (to use a blunt, but the only proper word) the whole Official Body stinks with corruption. Take the case in which Dent was proven to have received \$2,500 from one Farrand as a bribe to secure for him a Consulate to Peru. Grant gave the Consulate to Farrand; and Dent—who, with all the illegal Ring of military officers about Grant, is a notorious office-broker and a contract-broker by profession—further agreed to secure Farrand's confirmation by the Senate, since the appointment was made during the recess. Dent, having got his fee, neglected the matter of Farrand's confirmation; Farrand lost his office, and hence the "rogues fell out," and the exposure.

My succeeding Letter will show how this Demoralization of Grant has affected his subordinates.

JUNIUS.

### NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. W. A. POND & Co., of this city, have just published two West Indian songs: "Under de Mango Tree," and "Maggie Judah," words and music by Mr. Edward Greey, the Chinese member of the Lotos. These songs are both quaint and taking, and the author has done well in rescuing two beautiful airs from West Indian oblivion. They are grotesquely illustrated by Mr. Charles Lyall, of the Italian Opera Company, who is a caricaturist of great ability. These songs will be very popular.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MILAN, Italy, has a new theatre.

MISS JANE COOMBS is acting in Buffalo, N. Y.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL is playing in New England.

LAWRENCE BARRETT plays *Cassius* on his starring tour.

MRS. MACREADY has begun a tour of the New England States.

ENOCH ARDEN has been playing in Louisville, Ky., as *Enoch Arden*.

THE Theatre Comique presents nothing new in its variety entertainment.

MILE. THERESE met with the most enthusiastic reception in St. Petersburg.

THE first of the three Rubinstein concerts came off on September 23d, with great éclat.

DALY's drama of "Horizon" has been produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MISS AGNES ETHEL is a careful and conscientious actress in "Agnes," at the Union Square.

MISS DORA JEWETT, the *débütante* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is attracting favorable notice.

J. B. STUDLEY played at New Haven, September 18th, in the "Bells," taking the part of *Mathias*.

"ONE WIFE," running at the Olympic, is condemned by the Press, but seems to be well liked by the public.

THEODORE THOMAS's season of Summer evening concerts, at the Central Park Garden, came to a close last week.

GILSEY, of the Gilsey House, contemplates building a magnificent theatre in Broadway, near Fortieth Street.

M. VICTOR CAPOUL will appear in M. Victor Massé's new opera, "Paul and Virginia," on its production in Paris.

MRS. JOHN WOOD, as the *Good Genie* in "King Carrot," at the Grand Opera House, makes the most of a thankless part.

THE German-English dialect drama epidemic has broken out at Wood's Museum, and found vent in "Chris and Lena."

THE Italian opera season, at the Academy of Music, of thirty nights, commences September 30th and ends December 12th.

MARIO and Patti gave their last grand evening concert at Steinway Hall, September 20th, before a large, fashionable and enthusiastic audience.

THURSDAY evening, September 19th, Fechter gave a performance in French comedy, at the Union League Theatre, before a select and appreciative audience.

MR. AND MRS. DION BOUCHICAIT made their reappearance at Booth's on September 23d, in "Arrah na Pogue," after an absence from New York of about twelve years.

### POLITICAL ITEMS.

GENERAL CASSIUS M. CLAY is doing a great work in Kentucky and Ohio, stamping these States.

FORNEY abandons his "sov'reign in the east," and goes into Ohio to stump for the October ticket.

GRANT's military side-show at Pittsburgh united in singing "The Battle Cry of Freedom"—a war song. Anything to keep open "the Bloody Chasm."

THE Grantites in Ohio are staggering before the advancing columns of Liberals in that State, and have been calling up their reserves from Washington and elsewhere to help them.

GENERAL BUTLER made a speech in Philadelphia the other night for Grant, but by nothing that he said did any one discover that Grant's friend Hartranft was running for Governor.

OAKES AMES has been in this city much since the Crédit Mobilier *exposé*, in secret consultation with distinguished officials at hotels and at the office of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

MR. A. T. STEWART, merchant, is satisfied that the country will not be ruined if Mr. Greeley is elected, and accordingly gives the weight of his great influence in support of the Liberal ticket.

JOHN B. ALLEY, who figures conspicuously in Colonel McComb's testimony about the bribery of Congressmen, is seeking the nomination of the Grant Republicans for Congress in the Lynn (Mass.) District.

FORTY THOUSAND people turned out in Brooklyn on Thursday night, September 19th, to ratify the nominations of Greeley and Brown, and Kernan and Depeew. That is doing pretty well for the home of Beecher.

MR. HALSTEAD, of the Cincinnati Commercial, was in this city a few days since, and gave the most encouraging accounts of the progress of the Liberal movement in Ohio. He thinks Greeley and Brown will carry the State.

COLONEL DUDLEY exhibited a paper at the Pittsburgh Convention said to contain in the names of "50,000 soldiers in favor of Grant." We have no such number of live "soldiers" in the United States, and paper soldiers don't vote.

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the distinguished Democratic leader of Ohio, recently returned from Europe with his family, and hastened to his home in that State to take the stump for Greeley and Brown and the Liberal State ticket.

HON. FRANCIS KERNAN is delivering a series of very able, practical and eloquent addresses in favor of the Liberal cause. As the honored head of the State ticket of that party, he is everywhere respected, and almost universally hailed as "Governor."

ONE "General" Sweitzer, who made the "welcome speech" to Grant's "Soldier Convention," at Pittsburgh, last week, said they had "come together again to keep up the memory of past events." That is in accordance with Boutwell's policy—"Keep open the Bloody Chasm."

"HAGGERTY, one of Tweed's "voucher thieves," recently abused Mr. Oliver, one of the Grand Jury before which he was indicted for the robbery, and declared that he (Haggerty) would vote for Grant and Dix. That is the way of all the thieves—Custom House and Tammany.

THE brother of the late General Rawlins and the latter's eldest son informed Senator Trumbull, at their home in Warren, Ill., last week, that they are both for the election of Mr. Greeley. They don't like the way Grant handled the funds raised for the family of General Rawlins.

COLONEL HENRY S. MCCOMB, of Wilmington, Del., whose sworn testimony in the State Courts of Equity, in Pennsylvania, has recently forced the exposure of the astounding cases of Congressional bribery with "Crédit Mobilier" stock, is a wealthy citizen of that city, of high character and determined purpose. He cannot be deterred from his present course by bribes or threats.

OLD Fanneil Hall was packed on Thursday night, September 19th, with one of the most appreciative audiences that ever assembled within its time-honored walls, to ratify the nominations of Greeley and Brown, and Sumner and Stearns. The eloquence of the speakers awoke the echoes in the old cradle where young Liberty was nursed.

HON. F. W. BIRD will probably be nominated by the Liberals of Massachusetts as a candidate for Governor, if Mr. Sumner persists in declining, which seems now to be quite likely. Mr. Bird will make as popular a run, after the just compliment paid to Mr. Sumner, as the latter would. The Massachusetts Liberals are fighting for principles, not men.

Mrs. SAUNDERS, the able colored orator, who has been addressing the people of this State in support of Mr. Greeley, said, at the monster meeting in Brooklyn, that the attempt was earnestly made to make the colored people of the South believe that, if Mr. Greeley is elected, they will again be reduced to slavery. Many believe this wicked invention still, but, he said, "I believe Horace Greeley to be the best friend the colored man ever had."

GRANT attended the State Fair at Waverly, N. J., recently, and when received at the main stand, he speechlessly "bowed in response," and jumped into his carriage and drove over the course, halting at the judges' stand to see a horse-race. That over, he went to Newark to attend a banquet. He enjoyed the race and the banquet, but did not seem to appreciate the fruits of industry at the fair grounds. Agriculturists should remember.

SENATOR MORTON succeeded in holding a Straight-out Democratic Convention in Indiana, recently, in the interest of Grant, and that original secessionist, A. P. Edgerton, has been nominated for Governor. Edgerton was in this city when the deed was done, and developed the plan. He said he had no doubt that Hendricks would be elected Governor, but that the State would go for Grant in November. That's the little game. Anything to beat Greeley.

COLONEL MCCOMB, who has exposed the Oakes Ames and John B. Alley Congressional bribes, says, in a more recent "interview," that he "can produce a letter, not yet proffered in the testimony, which would extend the area of implications, draw in other names of persons not suspected of collusion in any gainful matter, and make the present unfortunate disclosures secondary only." Colonel McComb owes it to the cause of public justice to tell all that he knows about official corruption at Washington. It may be humiliating to learn, but it will contribute largely to the national purification.

GOVERNOR C. C. WASHBURN, of Wisconsin, was a member of Congress at the time Oakes Ames distributed his Crédit Mobilier stock to bribe Congressmen, and in a speech, delivered two weeks after Ames's blackmail letter was written, asserted: "I say that the Vice-President of the Union Pacific Railroad has charged the company with \$500,000 as having been expended in Washington to secure the passage of the act; claiming that the money was expended in a confidential way, and declining to furnish any vouchers." The act referred to was that of 1862, which Mr. Washburn says, wiped out every provision made in the original act of 1862 for the security of the public. "Of the manner by which said act was passed," said Mr. Washburn, "I care not to speak." Governor Washburn should be called as a witness.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



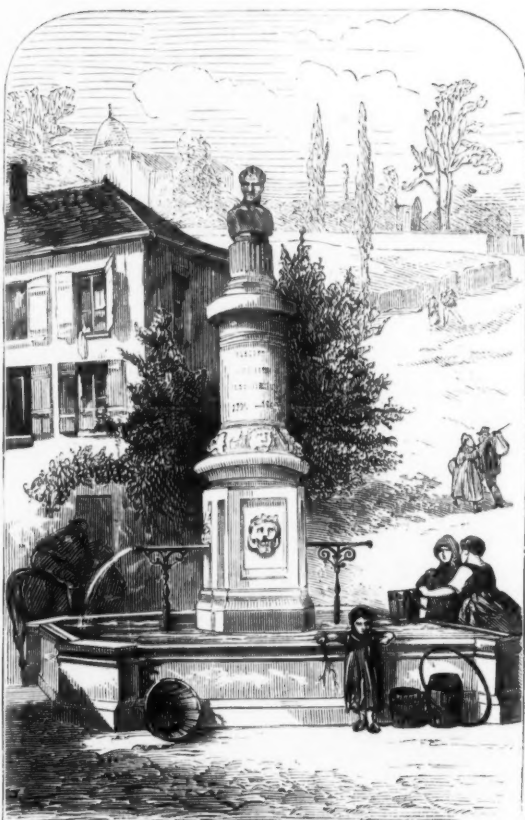
FRANCE.—THE BEACH AT TROUVILLE.



ENGLAND.—SCIENCE AND PLEASURE AT THE BRIGHTON MEETING.



ENGLAND.—SKETCHES IN LONDON—THE HORSE-GUARDS.

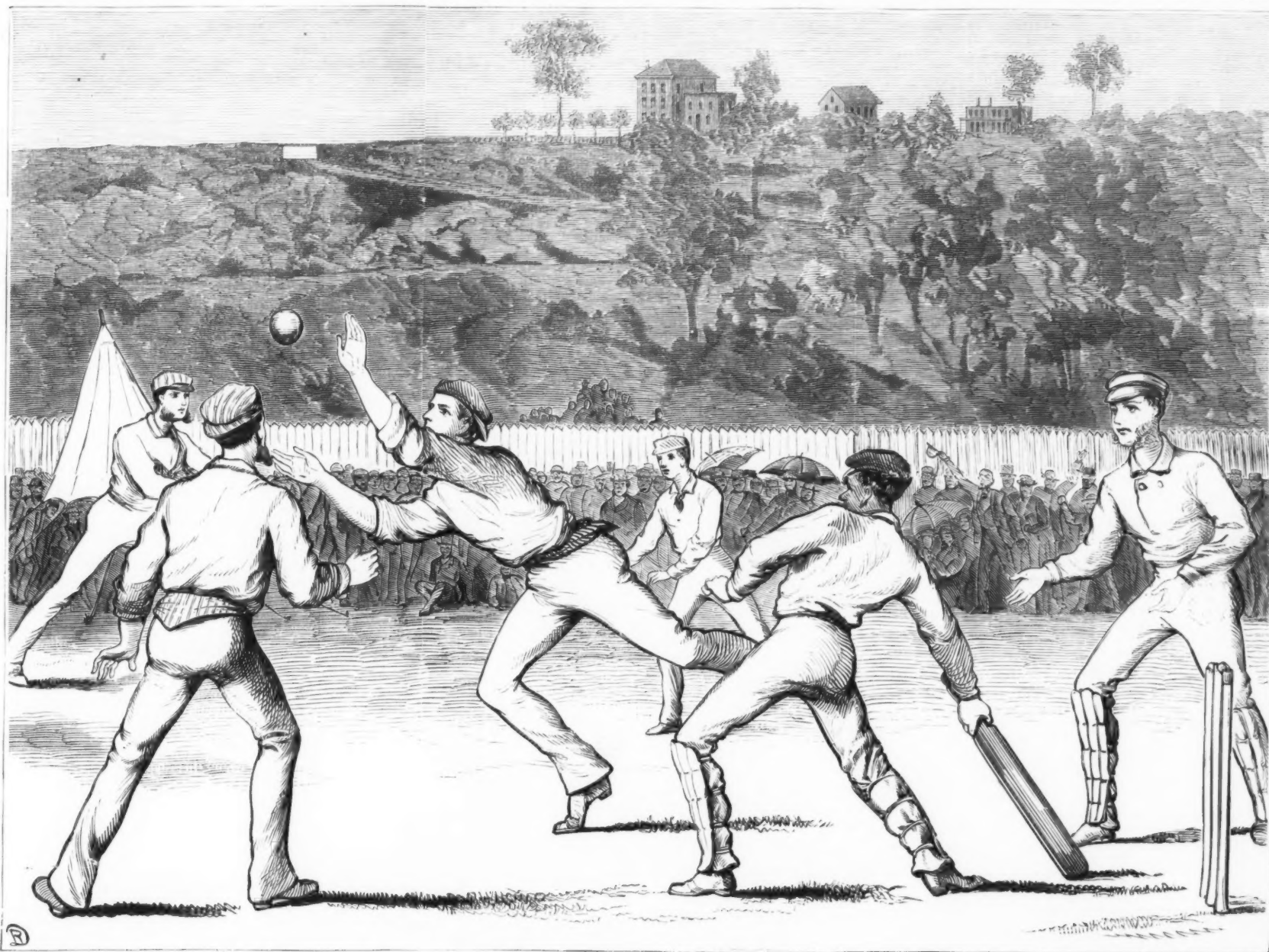


FRANCE.—MONUMENT TO DÉSIRÉ DALLOZ, AT SEPTMONCEL.



ENGLAND.—LEAVING THE PORT OF LONDON.





NEW JERSEY.—CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE ELEVEN ENGLISH AMATEURS AND TWENTY-TWO AMERICAN AMATEURS, AT THE ST. GEORGE'S CLUB GROUNDS, HOBOKEN, SEPTEMBER 18TH, 1872.  
A GREAT CATCH BY APPLEBY.

#### HON. MICHAEL C. KERR OF INDIANA.

**T**HE Hon. Michael C. Kerr, of New Albany, Ind., is the Representative in the Forty-second Congress from the Second District of that State.

Mr. Kerr was born in Titusville, Pa., on the 15th of March, 1827. He received a common-school and academic education, and studied law at the Louisville University, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1851. He entered upon the practice of the profession of law at New Albany, Ind., in 1852. The ability displayed by Mr. Kerr in the trial of causes soon established for him a reputation that made him popular with the people, and in 1854 he was elected Attorney of the city. The next year the people of Floyd County elected him Prosecuting Attorney in their courts. In 1856, he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and served through 1857. In 1862, he was appointed Reporter to the Supreme Court of Indiana, a high position conferred upon none but scholars who are learned and practiced in law, and which, although always a great compliment, is attended with large responsibilities and arduous labor. Mr. Kerr, during his service as Reporter, edited five volumes of the Law Reports of Indiana, which reflect great credit upon him. In 1864, during the war of the Rebellion, the Democratic Party in the Second District, of which Mr. Kerr was an active and leading member, nominated and elected him to the Thirty-ninth Congress, which assembled on the 4th of March, 1865. Mr. Kerr proved an able and consistent supporter of the views and measures of his party, and distinguished himself by his devotion to public duties and manifest desire to reform and economize our system of government. He was re-elected to the Fortieth, Forty-first, and Forty-second Congresses.

By reason of his large experience, great ability, and sterling integrity, he was appointed by Speaker Blaine upon the leading Committee of the House—Ways and Means. Although representing the minority, and consequently expected to scrutinize the measures of the Administration to which he was opposed, his analysis and criticism of them always were marked



HON. MICHAEL C. KERR, M.C. FROM INDIANA.

by a consistency, nice discrimination and courtesy which commanded for him the respect of every member of the Committee. His opposition was never concealed, but open and frank. As a debater, there are none superior to him on the floor of the House, and few are his equals. It may truly be said of Mr. Kerr that he is a leader of the Forty-second Congress. He is a gentleman respected for his high character, ever courteous demeanor, and scholarly attainments. He is progressive, and comprehends clearly the great questions now at issue in the nation; and if his health, which at present is precarious, be spared him, he is destined to take a prominent and important part in the future legislation of Congress and administration of the Government. Such men as Mr. Kerr are a credit to their constituents and an honor to America.

#### THE GREAT CRICKET MATCH.

ENGLISH (GENTLEMEN) ELEVEN  
VS.

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.

**T**HE long-talked-of match game of cricket between the eleven amateur players of England and the twenty-two of New York began, at the St. George Club grounds, in Hoboken, on September 18th, at 12 o'clock, in presence of 2,000 spectators, including a sprinkling of the fair sex. Mr. W. G. Grace, of the English eleven, who has deservedly won the reputation of being the first amateur batsman in all England, looked every inch an athlete. Standing over six feet in height, and of herculean build, no wonder he possessed those wonderful powers of hitting about which so much has been said and written. The eleven were all large and powerful men, and moved about in a careless but easy manner, which showed that they were entirely free from nervousness.

The wickets were placed at 12 o'clock and Mr. Gibbs, captain of the New York team, won the toss, and sent his men to the bat. The eleven were quickly in the field, and from the start until the finish elicited the heartiest applause of all lovers and connoisseurs of the game by their superb play. The bowling of the English



men. Like their fielding, was superior to anything ever witnessed on this side the Atlantic, and their judgment was also good; notably when they placed their men close in, instead of far out, like their opponents.

Mr. Grace's batting was excellent, and called for unqualified admiration. He alone scored 67 at the finish, and Mr. Ottaway came next with 27. When time was called, and stumps were drawn, at half-past five, these two, with the extras, had placed a total of 102 runs to the credit of their eleven, and not a single wicket down.

The New York team have come out of the contest worse even than the Canadian clubs who have played the English eleven, and Mr. Grace came near beating them with his own bat.

## CAMPAIGN SONG.

BY  
H. A. MANVILLE.

THE dawn is truly breaking, boys,  
And over is the night,  
The people are awaking, boys,  
Preparing for the fight.  
We've had enough of Hiram's rule,  
We're tired of all his cant;  
And, entering a higher school,  
We want no more of Grant.  
A better man will take his place:  
We give our right hand freely  
To Horace of the honest face,  
To good old Horace Greeley.

Hurrah for Horace, boys, hurrah!  
We'll vote for him, and freely,  
Hurrah for Horace! hip, hurrah!  
Hurrah for Horace Greeley!

Experience, I tell you, boys,  
Is not a fancied elf,  
This four years' trial—well, you, boys,  
"Know how it is yourself."  
And knowing thus, you want no more  
Of this Administration;  
Of Grant's rule we are sure that four  
Years satisfy the nation.  
A better man will take his place:  
We give our right hand freely  
To Horace of the honest face,  
To good old Horace Greeley.

Hurrah for Horace, boys, hurrah!  
We'll vote for him, and freely,  
Hurrah for Horace! hip, hurrah!  
Hurrah for Horace Greeley!

We want an honest man, boys,  
To guide the ship of State;  
And have that man we can, boys,  
And will, as sure as fate.  
Then girl your armor on, boys,  
And rally for the fight,  
Although the Grantites frown, boys,  
We still love Truth and Right.  
A better man will take Grant's place:  
We give our right hand freely  
To Horace of the honest face,  
To good old Horace Greeley.

Hurrah for Horace, boys, hurrah!  
We'll have our vote and freely,  
Hurrah for Horace! hip, hurrah!  
Hurrah for Horace Greeley!

## THE WINDOW-SEAT.

A STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF ST.  
BARTHOLOMEW.

### CHAPTER I.

IT was but the other day that there fell, shattered by a Versailles bomb from roof to cellar, a house in the Rue de la Reine Margot, about which clung the memory of a past, strange and fearful and sad as the wildest romance, such a past as, let us trust, will cling to no house again.

The swelling window-seat, cloven by the fall of the wall and shattered till every vestige of its romantic beauty had departed—stained glass, quaint mullion, grinning dwarf's head and yawning griffin, and with these the once rich, now molded draperies of the time of Catharine de Medicis, that had heavily curtained and shut in the window—had been the scene of a life-history, so to speak, for there sat, there lived and there died a beautiful and noble maiden, Isoline de la Sainte-Fère.

Hers was a beauty that, even in the Court of Catharine, where were many beautiful women, ever obtained its meed of praise, though Isoline but seldom graced it, for the ribald mirth, the coarse and cruel atmosphere of that royal *Inferno*, did not suit the dreamy humor of the lady I write of, and in it she was not of it. One day she appeared there with her affianced lover.

The quaintest and ugliest of the court-fools, the distorted and repulsive Grigot, had caught her white hand when she had first appeared in the saloons of the palace, and had laughed out a bitter prediction:

"A fair face and brave locks, but not so stanch a heart but that a gunshot-wound may break it."

"Stand back, fool!" exclaimed the Chevalier de Penthièvre; "your ugliness blasts my sight! Toads should not squat near roses."

"Though butterflies may rest upon the very flower itself, and sip its honey if they will it!" grumbled the court-fool.

"Stand back, sirrah!" exclaimed the chevalier, clapping his hand to his sword, "or, *par ma foi*! I'll set you on the point of my weapon like a chicken on a spit!"

The fool uttered a hideous, yelling laugh, and, leaping up into the air, vanished, saying, as he did so:

"All men are equal with an ounce of lead in their brain!"

Isoline shuddered and clung to the arm of her companion, her face pale as death.

"What means he? Why does he talk of gunshot-wounds, and laugh with that frightful laugh at sight of us?" demanded she.

"Because we are Huguenots, and, save for

the presence in this palace of Henry of Navarre, would have but an ill grace here," answered the chevalier.

"Let us go home!" entreated Isoline. But the chevalier had a boon to crave of the party to which he had sworn fealty, and it was not till nightfall that the coach bearing his fair companion and himself re-entered the Rue Margot.

And then they sought the window-seat, so cozily cushioned with its circular sofa and the smiling cherubs' heads, with glories about them that poured their gorgeous clouds in repeated color upon the floor and upon those who sought this still retreat. There they seated themselves.

Yet Isoline, glad as she was to be at home and at rest, and far, too, from the Court of which the atmosphere seemed to her tender soul to breathe of malice and of crime, could not but shrink back as she gazed from the swelling out-archings of the window, for there, upon the pavement opposite, dancing, distorting his hideous, leering face till it would have made a stoic shudder to look upon it, leaped the court-fool.

As Isoline stared at him, amazed—for how could he have followed them as rapidly as the coach had flown through the streets?—the jester suddenly made a motion as if firing a gun, and then, with another evil leer, sprang up into the air and vanished.

So frightful had been his face, so unlooked-for his appearance, and so threatening his gestures, that Isoline shrank back appalled. The blood seemed to surge wildly to her temples, suffusing her lovely face, that was wont to wear the pallor of marble, with a crimson glow, and leaving it again snow-pale. She raised her hands to her eyes, for, in the dark street, under the vague light of the dim lamps that then lit the city of Paris, it seemed to her that she saw a sea of blood, heard the shrieks of women, the sudden cry of wounded men struck with quick and cruel death, and, ere she could catch again the sense of the real, her brain reeled, and with a low, griefed cry, she sank fainting into her lover's arms.

### CHAPTER II.

ON the morrow, as the lady sat in all the glory of her virgin loveliness, at the window-seat, looking out upon the thoroughfare, there suddenly appeared, riding a white horse and clad in all the bravery of the costume then worn—plumed cap, slashed velvet doublet, short cloak of satin and embroidered belt—a young man riding gallantly, but who, at sight of the lady at the arched window, reined in his steed so quickly that it reared and stood upon its hind feet.

Well might the rider check his horse, for where, in all Paris, could he ride to such a sight as that?

There sat the demoiselle, fairer than a poet's dream.

Her oval face, lit up by large soft eyes of darkest hazel, and swept by lashes black as ink, had not a feature but was faultless. The brunette hue of the warm complexion, deepening to a glow at this moment—for Isoline liked not the bold, licentious gaze of the strange rider—was made more striking by the sweeping fall of a mass of straight, thick, glossy black hair that fell, from a golden circlet clasping her head, down to her very feet. Well might the rider pause.

But if for one moment Isoline—thinking that at the next the insolent cavalier would ride on—bore with his gaze, ere another she rose in all the pride of maidenly dignity, and was about to lower the sweeping curtains of the window-seat to shut herself in, when suddenly, leaping, laughing, and twisting himself into a hundred grotesque shapes, there appeared behind the strange rider, Grigot, the court-fool, uglier, merrier and more loathsome than ever.

Before the curtain could fall, the jester began to sing:

"Que Dieu garde la reine,  
Que Dieu garde la foi,  
Moi je suis pour les belles,  
Et les belles sont pour moi!"

and as he sang he pointed to the cavalier.

Isoline dropped the curtain, but speedily snatched it back again, for there had come upon the scene another rider, to the great apparent joy of the court-fool, who bent double with mirth at the sight.

This new-comer was no other than the Chevalier de Penthièvre.

"Halle-la!" exclaimed the Huguenot. "Why do you tarry so long before a demoiselle's window and stare so boldly? Know you not that this is my cousin's house, and that, were she not my cousin, I let no one of Charles's minions gaze upon my betrothed, la belle Isoline?"

With this the chevalier rode up to and planted himself in front of the strange rider.

"Know you who I am?" demanded the stranger.

"Know I who thou art?" retorted the chevalier. "None other than the Duke d'Anjou. All France knows the Duke d'Anjou; why should not I?"

"Stand back, then, sirrah, and rein in your steed! You are the Chevalier de Penthièvre, and if there is truth in the stories that go about, a Huguenot. Aside, I say! and remember that where D'Anjou's eyes light they rest, if so please him."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the court-jester; "where they light they rest!"

"I have bidden you ride on!" shouted the chevalier; "this is no scene for insolent court-foolery, nor for violence, and if your blood be not water, as they say it is, you will alight and cross swords with me, but not here."

"Yes, here!" shouted D'Anjou; "and woe be unto you if you be not brave, for I am angered. Dog of a Huguenot, *en garde*!"

"May God protect the Queen,  
May God protect the Faith,  
I'm for the ladies fair,  
The ladies fair for me!"

In a moment more both riders had leaped to the ground, and their swords, clashing and crossing, sent forth myriad sparks in the growing gloom.

The court-fool leaped and ran about, singing wildly.

As for D'Anjou, though his licentious life had brought him many times into street-fights, he found now that he had met his match. The slender, boyish-looking chevalier, whose beard had but a year's growth, knew how to fence better than His Grace of Anjou, and did not lead so enervating an existence.

All at once the court-fool ceased to laugh. A home-thrust had entered D'Anjou's shoulder, and the velvet doublet was dyed crimson with the blood that ran from the wound.

Isoline, at sight of drawn swords, had run from the window, screaming for help.

Ere a moment more was gone the watch came up, and with the help of a portion of the crowd, the duke, who had swooned, was borne into a neighboring tavern.

De Penthièvre, quietly wiping his sword, walked into his cousin's house.

No one impeded his progress.

An hour after, however, when—the crowd having dispersed, the fainting duke been borne away and the street settled into quiet—the chevalier thought fit to emerge from his retreat, he could not but start and shudder, for, all about the spot where the duke had fallen, the court-fool had made on the stones hundreds of crosses traced in blood and mire, and in the midst of the circle had written:

"D'Anjou s'en souviendra!" (D'Anjou will remember.)

### CHAPTER III.

THE fearful bell had begun to ring, and the *Guisards*, or party of the Duke de Guise, had started the horrible work known in history as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Never was a scene more dreadful enacted. Loudly tolled the great bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Already, armed with daggers and with *arquebuses*, the Papist party filled the streets, bearing white crosses upon their mantles, or caps, and shouting:

"Tue! tue!" (Kill! kill!)

D'Anjou, long before midnight, had sought the street where Isoline lived.

A mad passion for the beautiful creature, to view whom he had been brought by the depraved and cruel Grigot, had seized upon him. This was increased by the anger aroused within him at the wound he had got through De Penthièvre. Would it not be a royal revenge to deprive the chevalier at once of his beloved and of his life?

But he must seek to win the lady not by terror but by love. The duke had great faith in his own attractions. Indeed, among the women of Catharine's suite and that of La Reine Margot he had met with little to discourage him. One fair lady smiled upon him most persistently—Mme. de Condé. Should the successful lover of Mme. de Condé hesitate to woo a mere maiden like Isoline de la Sainte-Fère? Thrusting aside the aged Marcel, who would have stopped his way, D'Anjou strode boldly into the presence of Isoline, who, as it was her wont, knelt at prayers in her chamber.

Startled and terrified at the presence of a strange man in the privacy of her apartment, Isoline proudly motioned to him to be gone, though her heart beat thick with such terror as almost arrested its throbbing.

"Fear not, fair lady," said the unblushing D'Anjou; "beauty like yours need not stoop to demand my courtesy. I have come to warn, and, if I can, to save."

"To save?" demanded Isoline.

"Yes. You are a Huguenot. You see these ribbons"—here D'Anjou removed two white crosses from beneath his doublet. "Wear these to-night, and the mob will not dare to harm you."

"The mob?" said Isoline.

"Yes; before to-morrow morning there will not be one living Huguenot in Paris. It is your beauty that saves you from the lot of your party. I would not see that fair face covered with blood, and those jetty locks grasped by some rude ruffian in the pay of the *Guisards*."

Isoline, almost paralyzed with terror, darted one indignant glance at the duke's face, and then motioning with her hand for him to stand aside, exclaimed:

"Let me pass! let me pass!"

"Ah! you would go to De Penthièvre to warn him. And yet you need not. Give me but the promise that you will be mine, not his, and the chevalier is as safe as though he was a Papist."

"I be yours! I know not how you dare insult me thus! Is it because my betrothed wounded you, in a fair fight, too, the day you stood before my window staring at me as though I had been some woman of the street? Stand aside, my lord duke, and know that the very name of D'Anjou is a blush on the cheek of a Huguenot maiden!"

"A haughty refusal in good sooth. I am a fool to parry words with you, and yet I am willing to trust to the future. At least, take this insignia. Pin this upon your breast, and when the soldiery shall come, and the men of De Guise shall have entered this house, it will save you."

Isoline extended her hand, and for an instant the duke's eyes sparkled with unholy triumph. But in a second more the white cross, torn into fragments, lay at his feet, and the lady stood impatiently waving him aside, with no sign of wavering in her large, steady eyes, or in the lip that curled scornfully as she marked his anger.

D'Anjou gazed but an instant longer. Then turning on his heel, he strode toward the door, exclaiming:

"His blood be on your soul! You might have saved him!"

Isoline, as the duke disappeared, darted into the street, followed by Marcel.

And as she did so, the midnight bell began to sound.

In a few seconds more, screams rent the air. The cry of Huguenot women made the street ring.

"Back home!" exclaimed Marcel, seizing the lady's arm.

They turned again toward the Rue Margot. As yet no obstacle impeded their progress. The bell rang on.

In the distance the cry of the *Guisards* sounded wildly.

"Tue! tue!" and there began to pour into the street hideous groups of soldiers, followed by the mob, and by assassins already crimson with the blood of those they had slain.

With difficulty Isoline reached her dwelling.

Once within its door, she rushed to the window-seat. The streets were all ablaze with the light of the torches borne in the hands of the mob.

Suddenly a quaint figure appeared, holding a torch in one hand, and in the other a pike.

"This way! this way, my friends!" shouted Grigot, for it was he. "Here is a Huguenot nest, and all the birds are in it!"

The mob followed their leader.

Suddenly a tall, graceful figure broke the ranks of the crowd, and without speaking rushed into the courtyard of Isoline's house, that which Grigot had indicated to the mob, and into which he was leading them.

In a moment more, Isoline was clasped in her lover's arms.

But, although the aged Marcel, who followed his master, and the seneschal with the chevalier opposed a stout resistance to the mad mob led by the court-fool, and for a time drove them off, plowing their ranks by the repeated shots from their firearms, a new form now appeared, that of the Duke d'Anjou.

"Tue! tue!" shouted he, more loudly than the rest; "*ici, mes amis, ici*!"

Grigot seized his arm.

"Give the lady one more chance," whispered he, and upon the end of the pike he carried he set a white ribbon cross.

This he thrust into the window of the house where the beautiful Isoline had first caught the eye of his evil master.

The duke marked the action, and in a whisper applauded it.

But he called to him several of the infuriated mob, and when they had approached to take his orders, said:

"Beat down the gate—enter yon room—you will find there one of the worst of the accursed Huguenots, De Penthièvre. Kill him and fling him down to me. The lady with him will wear a white cross. Spare her. It is not befitting that she should perish."

"Que Dieu garde la reine,  
Que Dieu garde la foi,  
Moi je suis pour les belles,  
Et les belles sont pour moi."

sang out Grigot, dancing about like a demon.

The mob rushed toward the gate. In three moments from the time they assailed it, it fell.

Howling their terrible cry, the assassins rushed into the chamber of Isoline.

One of the foremost, obedient to the orders, of the duke, tore her from De Penthièvre, about whom she had flung her arms.

The lovers had no longer any means of resistance, their firearms being spent, and neither had a sword or dagger.

In a moment more, De Penthièvre fell pierced by a gunshot-wound.

Grigot suddenly rushed in, singing still, and seizing the bleeding body in his arms, ran to the window, and though Isoline clung madly to his arm, in an instant more the corpse of her lover, flung from the window by the court-fool, fell, one stream of blood, at the feet of D'Anjou.

Then, of all the wild cries that rose to God that night, the wildest rang upon the midnight air.

In that cry broke the heart of Isoline de la Sainte-Fère.

And, flinging to heaven the arms that had clasped her lover, and were crimson with his life-blood, she sprang from the window, seated at which he had wooed her, and seated at which she had seen him so bravely fight with the licentious duke, who now had murdered him whom in death as in life was the one dear object of a faithful and undying love.

In an instant more so many stabs had pierced the heart of the Huguenot maiden, that, like her lover's, it was for ever still.

## "WHAT WAS IT?"

A TALE OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

IN the year 185— I was in command of the *Dolphin*, a fine bark of six hundred tons. We had been on a whaling voyage, and had obtained an unusually good cargo of oil, both in quality and quantity. With our course laid for home, the crew in good health, and a fair prospect of percentage money on the cargo, what more could we want to keep the song and the jest on the lips of the crew?

Time passed quickly along. "Homeward bound" has an intensified meaning to the whaler's crew, and as we bowed along with a good breeze, each day getting nearer and nearer to our homes and firesides, there were few on the vessel who did not feel their spirits rising with each day's progress.

One night about eleven o'clock I was sitting at the upper end of my cabin-table, consulting a chart on which the vessel's course was laid down. I had been reading Dante's "*Inferno*," and the horrible nature of the work had aroused my sensitive feelings to such an extent that I had determined to try how far a cigar and a walk on deck would steady my nerves. Just as I was about rising from my chair to go on deck I noticed a figure descending the companionway before me. A single glance told me that it was not one of the crew. No one of my well-fed, sleek men could possibly look as miserable as this figure looked,



even at the distance at which I saw him. Slowly he descended the steps, grasping the hand-rail to support himself, as if he were too feeble to descend without support.

His back was bent, and his head lay forward on his breast as if he was carefully watching his footsteps; his feet were bare, while his head was enveloped in a piece of old sail-cloth in place of a cap. His left arm hung down by his side, carefully rolled up in his coat, which had evidently been taken off for that purpose; and the arm itself appeared to be broken. Quietly and without uttering a word he approached me; and at last he sat down at the opposite end of the table to that which was my accustomed place.

He then slowly raised his head, and a slight was presented to my astonished gaze, the like of which I hope I may never see again. A fine, noble face it was; but attenuated by disease and suffering, or perhaps both. The features had been good and regular, but now the cheeks were sunken and hollow; the teeth, white and even, were firmly set together, while the thin, parched lips were drawn back from them. The eyes were as black as coal, but sunk far back into the head, and I saw that they were at once fixed on me with a dull, unmeaning stare. The figure now stood up just opposite to me, and I felt myself spell-bound to my seat without the power to address it.

Having looked at me fixedly for some time, the figure then walked up to my side till it touched my shoulder. Reaching out his arm, he laid a bony finger on the chart which was on the table, and before I could muster courage to articulate, lo, he had disappeared!

Recovering my composure somewhat, I sprang with a bound up the companionway, and shouted for the mate. He speedily replied to my call, and came aft, dragging something behind him which kept up a continual howling. As he came nearer to me I saw that it was my Labrador dog Caspar, and I inquired the meaning of what he was doing.

"Why, sir," he replied, "the dog lay on the companion-hatch until a few moments ago, apparently sound asleep, when all of a sudden he sprang up with a horrible howl, and ran to his kennel forward with his tail between his legs. I then went after him, and found him in his kennel shaking with fright; and when I put my hand in to pat him, he attempted to bite me. Hearing you call, I dragged him aft with me by his collar, to see if he had not been hurt in some manner, for I never saw him act so before."

I did not examine the terrified dog. I felt that he had seen my visitor as well as myself. With some difficulty I soothed him, and then went down below. Waking up to my table, I cast a look down at the chart. At the exact spot where my visitor had placed his attenuated finger I saw a dull red mark, and, on a closer examination, I perceived that it was a drop of blood.

The mark indicated a position on the chart which was about a day's sail from and at right angles to our course. For two hours I paced the deck, wondering at what had happened. The visitor was too surely no creation of my own imagination, for the dog had seen the figure as well as myself, and the spot on the chart was plain evidence. What could it mean? I half determined to ask the mate's advice.

He was a firm believer in spiritual manifestations, and would endeavor to solve the enigma in some way or other. But then I had always ridiculed his notions, and it was too galling to my pride to ask his advice now on that of which I had always denied the existence, save in a heated imagination; so I determined to keep my own counsel. Turning in soon after, I slept well, and awoke refreshed—determined in my own mind to say nothing and think no more about it.

When I got on deck, I found that we were becalmed. Not a ripple was on the water. The day passed away monotonously enough. The crew slept. I read and smoked, and eleven o'clock that night found me in my chair at the head of the table in the cabin.

Caspar, who had quite got over his fears, lay on the hatch at the head of the cabin-stairs. I could hear the pat, pat of his tail as a sort of greeting to the mate as he kept passing him in his walk on the deck. This evening my thoughts were tranquil, for I was reading a volume of Longfellow's poems, and was in the midst of "Evangeline," when I heard a howl from Caspar, and the scurry of his feet as he scampered forward.

Looking up, I saw my visitor of the previous night again descending the companionway. He seemed much weaker, and came slowly down, clutching the hand-rail with his one sound arm and hand. He walked across the cabin more feebly than before, and his respiration was heavy and labored when he reached the table. He glanced at the table with an anxious look, as if to see whether the chart was still there. It was not. He then gazed at me with a disappointed and sorrowful stare, and disappeared.

I remained quietly in my chair for about ten minutes after the spectre had departed. When I went on deck, I found the mate again endeavoring to soothe the dog, who snapped and snarled in his kennel until it was unsafe to approach him. Leaving him there, I went below; and throwing myself, dressed as I was, on my cot, I tried to sleep.

Unrefreshing and feverish was the sleep which visited me that night, and I arose in the morning totally unfit for work of any kind, and with my nerves entirely unstrung. What was expected of me? For what purpose had I been warned? What must I do? Thus I mused during the entire day. Caspar kept close to his kennel all the time, and steadily refused to eat or drink. Whenever any of us approached him he attempted to snap at us, and appeared as if entirely under the influence of some great fear. The calm had continued during the entire day, and we made no progress whatever.

Again evening approached, and the same hour found me, as on the two previous nights, sitting at my table. This time I eagerly awaited my visitor. Would the figure again appear? I found myself hoping that it would. This time I did not attempt to read, for my thoughts were too troubled to permit of concentrating my mind on any book. The same chart, with the bloodstain on it, lay on the table before me. Would my visitor, if he came again, touch that spot, or would he give me some other sign which might indicate to me the course I ought to pursue?

This time there was no Caspar to warn me, but I felt that the figure was coming, even ere it appeared. Presently I saw it again coming down the stairs. This time it was evidently far weaker than before, for with difficulty could it stand, and it toiled down the steps in manifest suffering and agony. At last it reached the cabin-floor and attempted to advance toward me; but no sooner had it let go the hand-rail than it sank down exhausted. I sprang up and rushed toward it; but the moment I moved the spectre vanished, and when I attempted to raise the fallen figure, my hands touched the cabin-floor.

And now a light seemed to break upon me. I rushed upon deck, where I found the mate and crew setting all sail to catch the breeze which had just sprung up. I immediately gave orders that the *Dolphin's* course should be altered to that which would bring us to the spot marked so plainly on the chart by the drop of blood.

All that night I paced the deck. No sleep seemed possible to me until this hidden mystery should be revealed. We made a beautiful run, and with daylight I hoped to find what I knew not.

The dawn brought a disappointment. A dense fog lay on the face of the ocean. We could discern nothing at ten yards' distance from the vessel's side. According to my calculations, and by the log, we should have been not far from that spot on the wide sea where I hoped to find a solution of the mystery.

Toward noon the wind died away, and at length deserted us altogether. Then the fog slowly arose, and I at once, glass in hand, ascended the rigging. With eager gaze I scanned the horizon ahead and on both bows, but no welcome object met my eye. Disheartened at I knew not what, I was coming down, when I chanced to look directly astern.

Almost directly in our wake, but far astern of us, lay an object, which, by the aid of my glass, I made out to be an open boat. I could not discern anything in it, and it appeared to lie like a log upon the water.

The gig was soon lowered, according to my orders, and a mate and a boat's crew were dispatched to inspect the boat as it lay far astern. I felt quite unequal to going myself, so agitated was I, but I had presence of mind enough to order some brandy and nourishment suitable to the sick and famished to be brought up on deck.

I felt as assured that my visitor was there as if I had seen him in the boat; but whether alive or dead I dared not speculate. Twice I had been summoned, and twice I had neglected the summons. On the third occasion my spectre visitor had sunk, to all appearance, lifeless on the floor of my cabin. Was he dead, or was he only in a deathlike swoon?

I thought over the wonderful incidents which had caused me to find the boat. The wind had died away when I neglected to obey the first summons, nor did it return until after I had received the third call.

Had it not again died away when it did, I should have passed the boat so far in the fog as not to be able to see it when the fog lifted. As it was, we were very nearly out of sight when the horizon became clear.

Half an hour's more wind, and the mystery would never have been revealed. Scarce could I restrain my impatience. However, there was no help for it. I must wait until the gig returned.

After hours of suspense, I at last beheld the gig approaching slowly, with the other boat in tow. Unable to endure the terrible suspense, I went down into the cabin. Soon I heard the gig touch the ship's side, and the mate giving orders to lower away the chair from the yard-arm.

Then I thought they had found him; but he must be too feeble to climb the ship's side. A few moments, and I heard approaching footsteps, and down the stairs was brought, with the assistance of some of the crew, my visitor for the fourth time; but now really and truly in the flesh.

He was supported in the arms of the mate, but he held on to the hand-rail just as I had seen him in the three visions. His left arm hung loosely at his side, and was bandaged up just as I had observed on the three occasions of the spectre's visits.

We gave him proper refreshment, and put him to bed. He gradually revived, and in a few days was able to tell us his story. He had been captain of a large vessel trading in the Pacific. The crew had mutinied, and had cast him adrift in the open boat, with nothing to eat but a few biscuits, which were thrown into the boat in derision by one of the mutineers.

When these were eaten, he had tried to eke-out life by eating his shoes, and with water wrung from his clothes after rain and heavy dews he had quenched in a manner his thirst. When found by the mate, he lay extended in the bottom of the boat in a death-like swoon, and owed his recovery, perhaps, chiefly to the brandy which I had sent in the gig.

In a few days more we assisted him on deck. Caspar no sooner saw him than he flew at him, and but for my interference would have torn him to pieces. During the rest of the voyage we were obliged to keep the dog chained up. As soon as we perceived the boat the *Dolphin* had been put upon her former course, and now, with a fair wind, we again sped merrily on.

I now felt satisfied that omens and signs

were sometimes vouchsafed to mortal men for certain grave reasons, and, though not superstitious, I still believe that they are more frequent than is usually supposed. As we neared the port for which we were bound, Captain Williams (for such was the name of my visitor) was one day sitting with me in the cabin, when he asked to see the chart, as he wished to pick out the spot where I had found him.

I gave him an entirely new chart, and he busied himself sharpening a pencil with which to mark the place where he had so nearly lost his life. Suddenly I heard an exclamation from him, which he followed up by saying:

"My dear —, I am very sorry; but I have cut my finger, and have dropped some blood on your new chart, and I see that I have soiled the very spot which I was going to point out as that whereabouts you found me. But," he added with a light laugh, "that will do instead to mark the place."

I have the two charts now, both of them marked exactly alike; one done by Captain Williams in the flesh, accidentally; the other by — Reader, can you tell whom?

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN

### ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

#### The Beach at Trouville.

This favorite watering place has this season attracted more than usual attention, from the fact that President Thiers has made it his summer residence. Imitating to a certain extent the action of President Grant, the Châlet Corder at Trouville has occupied a position in France somewhat analogous to the Long Branch cottage. The French President, however, does not make his marine villa simply a depot for conviviality and recreation, but has occupied a great portion of his time in developing the resources of the Republic. Among the principal events of the season have been the interesting experiments in artillery practice which have been made at Trouville in the presence of the President, the Minister of War, and the leading artillery officers of the army. Our illustration represents a scene on the beach when the season of gaiety is at its height.

#### Science and Pleasure at the Meeting of the British Association.

The British Association, which has lately been in session at Brighton, has varied the monotony of its proceedings by excursions to several places of beauty and interest in the neighborhood. Our illustration depicts a party of scientific excursionists who have found their way into an old ivy-clad ruin, rich in archaeological associations. The elder members of the party are learnedly discoursing on the "ologies" and "ogonies," while the younger ones listen with patient attention, trying to retain in their memories the polysyllabic terms which roll so glibly from the tongues of the *savans*. The lady in the foreground, anxious to preserve a memento of her visit, is sketching the picturesque old building, and her attendant swain looks on in evident admiration of her handiwork.

#### London Sketches—The Horse Guards.

The Quarters of the Horse Guards is one of the "institutions" of London, and is an object of special interest to sightseers. Those two splendid troopers on their powerful chargers, who with glittering helmet and cuirass sit motionless as statues during their two hours of sentry duty, are figures that few can pass without admiration. This sentry duty commences at 10 A. M., and continues until 4 P. M., the men being relieved every two hours, and the ceremony of changing guard invariably attracts a motley crowd of sightseers. There is the pert nursery-maid, so engrossed by the dazzling sight that she reck not whose toes she crushes with the wheels of her perambulator; the sturdy beggar forgets his mendicancy as he gazes with mingled feelings of awe and envy at the gorgeous trappings of the trooper; the pretty milliner checks her jaunty step and glances timidly at the impassive horseman; Giles, in his Sunday smock and rough beaver hat, who has "coom to zee Lunnon," is as mute and motionless as the living statue, the sight of which has temporarily paralyzed him. The very street-boys are awed into respectful silence by the grandeur of the sight, and all wait patiently for the appointed time. Exactly as the clock strikes the hour, the doors which form the backs of the overgrown sentry-boxes are thrown open, the statues start into life and motion, ride out in front, each describing a semicircle, meet and ride side by side through the centre gate, and so back to their quarters. As they ride out, two other heroes, helmeted and cuirassed as the last, ride in, and checking their sleek and snorting steeds, become as motionless and impassive as their predecessors.

#### Monument to Désiré Dalloz at Septmoncel, France.

A monument, raised to the memory of Désiré Dalloz, a celebrated French jurist, in his native place, the village of Septmoncel, in the Jura, was recently inaugurated by Archbishop Nogret, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. The archbishop pronounced a touching discourse, recounting the history of the deceased lawgiver. Dalloz was born in 1795, and died in 1869. His memory is held in great respect by the inhabitants; and many are now living who knew him when he was only a simple countryman, without fame. It is these who have combined to raise this monument, which is a simple, massive column of granite, set in the middle of a fountain.

#### Leaving the Port of London.

The traveler by sea from the port of London direct to some port of Continental Europe, or to the northern and western shores of Britain, is frequently exposed to discomforts which he might avoid by taking the railway to Dover, Folkestone, Harwich, or Southampton, and embarking there. It is not so in all cases, for some of the steamboat companies have private wharves, at which they take on board the cargo and passengers; and when the tide is full, a large steamer, like those which go to Antwerp or Hamburg, may lie close alongside the public wharf, so as to let passengers walk on board with the aid of a descending ladder. But when the vessel lies in mid-river, just below the Tower, and can only be approached by hiring a boat at the Irongate Stairs, the trouble, annoyance and extortion which one has to endure cannot be lightly esteemed. It is not, we believe, the licensed watermen themselves who are so much in fault, as the disorderly mob of rude fellows who seize upon the traveler's luggage when taken from his cab, and volunteer their services to place it in the boat. They will abuse you and curse you if you decline to

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

BISMARCK is writing up his life.

NAPOLEON has gone to Cowes.

FATHER GAVAZZI is in New York.

KING CHARLES of Sweden is dead.

THE EMPEROR of Austria is 43 years old.

BEAU HICKMAN is writing his reminiscences.

THIERS gets up at four o'clock in the morning.

JOAQUIN MILLER's hat is the biggest in the East.

LOWELL, the poet, will remain abroad two years.

PERE HYACINTHE's wife is a Buckeye woman.

GENERAL SHERMAN has returned from Europe.

COUNT SCLOPIS and Pere Hyacinthe are in Brussels.

VICTOR HUGO's only surviving child inclines to insanity.

MILBURN, the blind preacher, is preaching at Atlanta, Ga.

OLE BULL has a private billiard-hall at his Norway home.

MARIO looks no older than when in this country before.

ANNA DICKINSON is grown very stout, and is 'ale and 'arty.

A "COMMON SCOLD" in Dunkirk, N. Y., has been fined \$10.

ADMIRAL WINSLOW gets \$24,000 for sinking the pirate *Alabama*.

BLANTON DUNCAN, in addition to the gout, has a bold Roman nose.

JOAQUIN MILLER's handwriting resembles a dilapidated hedge-fence.

THAT perennial nuisance, Weston, is inflicting himself on Onarga, Ill.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Duke of Edinburgh has composed a waltz.

KAISER WILHELM has given \$200 for an autograph letter of Washington.

THIERS has ordered the arrest of Don Carlos, if found on French soil.

CHARLES READE's new tale begins with an essay on the folly of tight-lacing.

SIR CHARLES DILKE is about to become the proprietor of *Notes and Queries*.

THE "Tichborne claimant" recently began a starring engagement in London.

M. PAULUS, leader of the French Band, is about to issue a book on America.

BRET HARTE writes a neat hand, and, like Dickens, has a fondness for blue ink.

AUGUST 28th was the 314th anniversary of the foundation of St. Augustine, Fla.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT has won \$5,000 this summer by playing euchre and whist.

THE EMPEROR of China is to be presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

REV. G. H. ROBINSON denies all the other charges against him but that of falsehood.

THE QUEEN of Prussia has presented the Princess Salm-Salm with a \$1,000 Testament.

THE GRAND DUKE Alexis has only spent about \$500,000 in his little pleasure-trip thus far.

SATSUMA is now the sole survivor of the league which broke down the Tycoonate in Japan.

SENATOR SUMNER will place himself under the care of Dr. Brown Sequard, a famous physician of Paris.

SERGEANT BATES has been challenged to carry the American flag from the Scottish border to London.

AGASSIZ packed up and sent home 243 barrels of specimens, using 3,000 gallons of alcohol for the purpose.

AS BISMARCK cannot sleep, he passes his nights in listening to stories and music, and drinking champagne.

PRINCE AUGUSTUS COBURG and his brother, Prince Philip, arrived in San Francisco on the 10th of September.

A NEPHEW of Louis Kossuth feeds one of the stamp batteries at the Calumet and Hecla Mine, Lake Superior.

IT is impossible to convict a man for murder in Jersey City without a bill for \$41.00 for drinks and \$69.50 for meals.

SEVERAL generals under the Commune in Paris now ply the unassuming broom on London street-crossings.

THE EMPRESS Elizabeth of Austria offers a prize of 100 florins to anybody that saves a human life in Austria or Hungary.

MR. GLADSTONE is about to visit Paris to hold a personal conference with President Thiers concerning the commercial treaty.

HERR VON THILE, Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has resigned office on account of a disagreement with Prince Bismarck.

JAMES BROOKS, of the *Express*, is about 60, and has been a New York editor 35 years, and a Member of Congress for several terms.

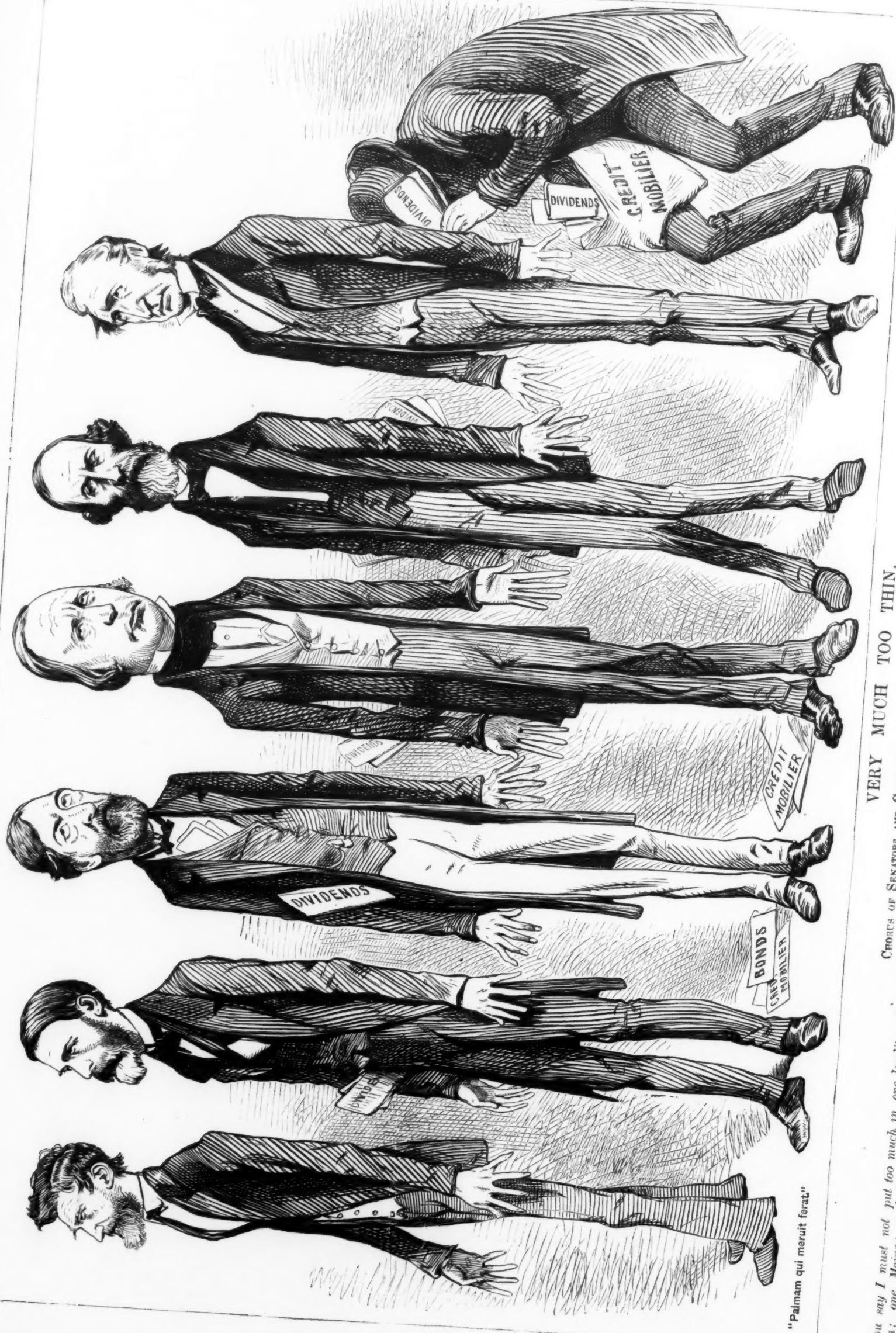
ADMIRAL ALDEN and the officers of the American squadron participated in the festivities in honor of the Imperial visitors to Berlin.

THE REV. FATHER COSSMAN, lately Provincial of the Order of Jesuits in St. Louis, has assumed the Presidency of Ignatius College, in Chicago.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS's son, and Daniel Webster's son, were both imbecile; Henry Clay's was weak-minded, and John Jacob Astor's, *non compos mentis*.

GEORGE ALBERT SCOTT, a grandson of the Bible Commentator, The Rev. Scott, has been knighted by Queen Victoria because of his eminence in architecture.





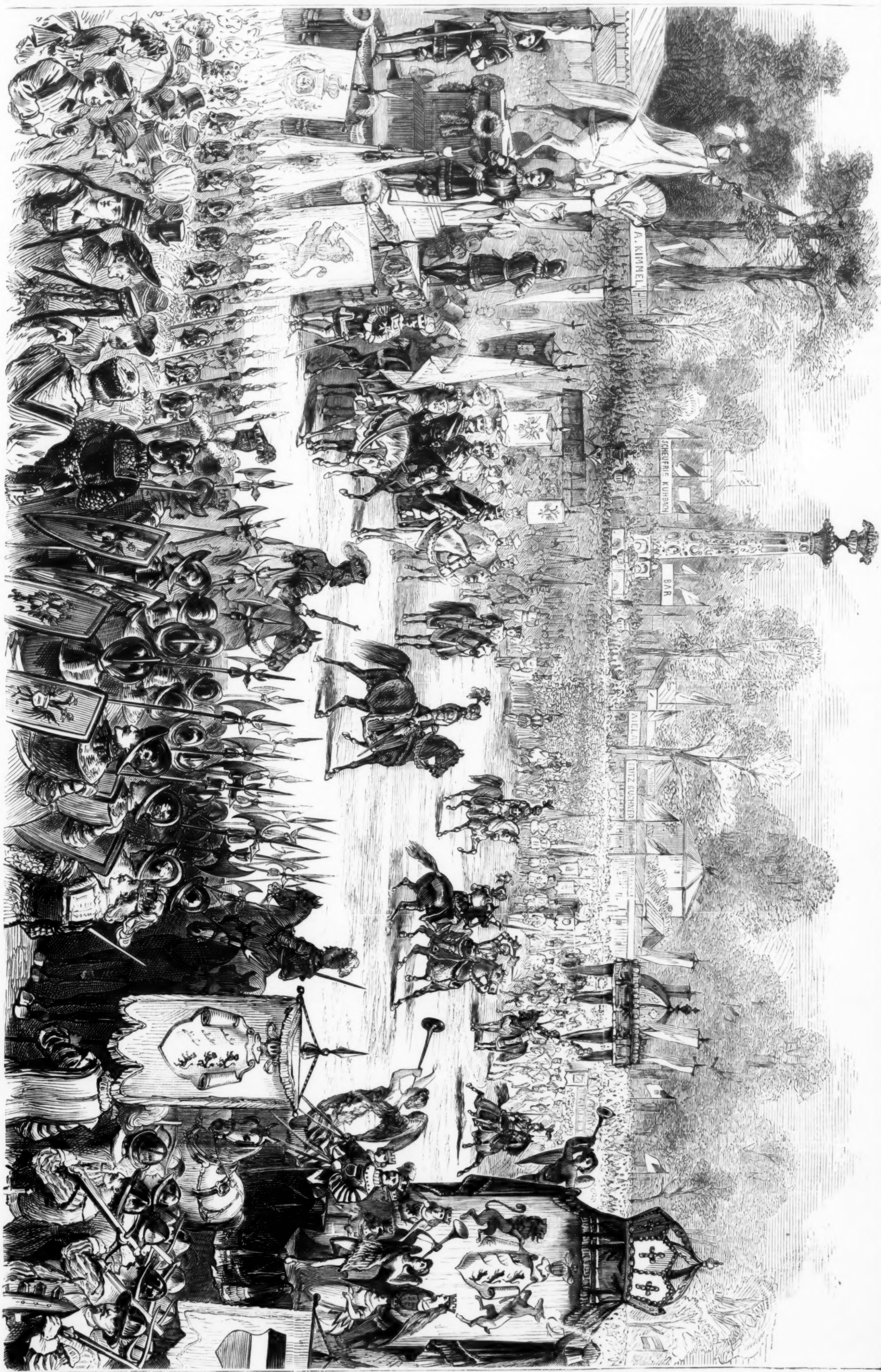
"Palnam qui meruit ferat."

### VERY MUCH TOO THIN.

CHORUS OF SENATORS AND CONGRESSMEN.—"You see we haven't any Credit Mobilier Stock." "You say I must not put too much in one locality. I have assigned, as far as I have given, to four from Massachusetts; one from New Hampshire; one, Delaware; one, Tennessee; one-half, Ohio; two, Pennsylvania; make our capital \$4,000,000, and distribute the new stock where it will protect us." "You do not understand, by your letter, what I have done and am to do with my sales of stock. You must remember that it was nearly all placed as you saw on the list in New York, and there was but 6 or 8 M for me to place. I could not give all they wanted, or they might want, out of that. You would not want me to offer less than one thousand (M) to any one."—OAKES ANES'S LETTERS TO MCCOMB.

one, Indiana; one, Maine; and I have three to place, which I shall put where they will do most good to us. I am here on the spot, and can better judge where they should go. I think, after this dividend is paid, we should place. I could not give all they wanted, or they might want, out of that. You would not want me to offer less than one thousand (M) to any one."—OAKES ANES'S LETTERS TO MCCOMB.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE SWABIAN FESTIVAL IN JONES'S WOOD, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1872.—THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION IN THE ANCIENT COSTUMES OF THE SWABIANS.—SEE PAGE 60.



## AT THY GRAVE.

WAVES the soft grass at my feet;  
Dost thou feel me near thee, sweet?  
Though the earth upon thy face,  
Holds thee close from my embrace,  
Yet my spirit thine can reach,  
Needs betwixt us twain no speech,  
For the same soul lives in each.

Now I meet no tender eyes  
Seeking mine, in soft surmise  
At some broken utterance faint,  
Smile quick brightening, sigh half spent,  
Yet in some sweet hours gone by,  
No responding eye to eye  
Needed we, for sympathy.

Love, I seem to see thee stand  
Silent in a shadowy land;  
With a look upon thy face  
As if even in that dim place  
Distant voices smote thine ears,  
Memories of vanished years,  
Or faint echoes of these tears.

Yet, I would not have it thus.  
Then would be most piteous  
Our divided lives if thou  
An imperfect bliss shouldst know,  
Sweet my suffering, if to thee  
Death has brought the faculty  
Of entire felicity.

Rather would I weep in vain,  
That thou canst not share my pain,  
Deem that Lethæan waters roll  
Softly o'er thy separate soul,  
Know that a divided bliss  
Makes thee careless of my kiss,  
Than that thou shouldst feel distress.

Hush! I hear a low sweet sound  
As of music stealing round.  
Forms thy hand the thrilling chords  
Into more than spoken words?  
Ah! 'tis but the gathering breeze  
Whispering to the budding trees,  
Or the song of early bees.

Love, where art thou? Canst thou not  
Hear me, or is all forgot?  
Seest thou not these burning tears?  
Can my words not reach thine ears?  
Or betwixt my soul and thine  
Has some mystery divine  
Sealed a separating line?

Is it thus, then, after death,  
Old things none remembereth?  
Is the spirit henceforth clear  
Of the life it gathered here?  
Will our noblest longings seem  
Like some dim remembered dream  
In the after-world's full beam?

Hark! the rainy wind blows loud,  
Scuds above the hurrying cloud;  
Hushed is all the song of bees;  
Angry murmurs of the trees  
Herald tempests. Silent yet  
Sleepest thou—nor tear, nor fret  
Troubles thee. Can I forget?

## HARD LUCK.

BY

C. SHACKELFORD.

## CHAPTER XXXII.—MY FLIGHT.

"TOUTER, where is Mr. Verity?" I asked, after resting a minute to get my breath and regain my composure as much as possible.

That young man, somewhat alarmed at the suddenness of my entrance and the wildness of my appearance, gave no immediate answer, but hurriedly came round to me, folded his arms and, towering above me, exclaimed, tragically:

"I knew how it would be. He has met his fate. Ralph, you have come back in love. I see it in your eye."

"Touter," I said, with a hysterical propensity to laugh, "be sensible! and answer my question, or I'll—!" Don't stand there like a fool, but tell me what I want to know!" and I began to walk wildly about the room, in a way that quite wearied him to follow.

"Are you crazy?" he inquired, coming down to a common-sense way of action, catching hold of my arms and pushing me gently, yet firmly, into a chair at the rear of the room. "Now, sit down, and tell me what is the matter!" he commanded, sending me down with a thud.

"I can't tell you!" I answered, faintly. "Can't tell me, eh? You mean you won't. Shall I express it for you; break news to you that only belongs to me, now? I'm glad you've come at this time, with no one in here but me."

"What do you mean? Out with it, sir, before I go insane."

"You know it as well as I," he said, touching the fatal paper sticking out of my pocket. "What do they want now in this fraud but the young man who boarded with Winkie? Who's he? You. Didn't I know it as soon as I read the horrible thing? Haven't I blamed myself ever since morning for getting you to go there to board? I never did so mean an act before. I never will again."

He walked back and forth before me as he said this, rapidly and in a low tone.

"So they've been here after me?" I asked, springing to my feet.

"Yes and no! I know Patrolman 169. He came to me here this noon, as I was standing outside on the steps, and whispered, 'Touter, you lived next door to Dr. Winkie. Now, give me the name of the boy or young man that has been boarding there.' 'Can't do it,' said I. 'Don't know him. I'm particular as to my acquaintances.' Here I winked at him. 'I think I have seen him, though,' I said. 'Very good! Now, if you meet him again, find out where he lives, and let me know.' With that he went off; but I've seen him since then, walking up and down the other side of the street, which I know to be off his beat."

"Thank you, you dear old fellow! May God

bless you for a true friend!" I cried, grasping his hand. "You understand the trouble. But I'm as innocent this moment as you are."

"I'm just as sure of it as that I stand here," he said, patting my shoulder. "But it's a hard case, Ralph."

"Yes, against me. Now, will you tell me where Mr. Verity is?"

"Of course. He went home sick, yesterday, and hasn't returned. In fact, he sent in word to me that he shouldn't be here for a couple of days—or until he got the mastery of his cold."

"I'm sorry," I said, "because I want to report on that Waterlee & Gregg matter."

"Write it out and I'll tend to it, if you like."

"Thanks! I will, as I shan't remain here."

"Take time by the forelock, then," said Touter, "and make out your report at once."

"I'm disappointed," I said, as, weak and weary, I clung to the counter on my way to the little desk back of it. "You're a splendid fellow, Touter, in an emergency."

"Am I?" he asked, innocently. "I am only doing what I thought would be pleasant for you—just what I'd like to have you do for me in the same fix."

Why, here was a friend of the true metal, just when I was most in need of and least expected one. His words lifted me half out of the slough of despair into which I had been so suddenly plunged.

I sat down at his desk, finally, and wrote the report. In addition I penned a note resigning my situation in the store, but gave no other cause than sudden necessity. I did not show the note to Touter, but merely said I must certainly go away for a while.

"I suppose you must, until the truth comes out," said Touter, with a sigh; "but I am very sorry for it. Of course, you couldn't stand the anxiety of being always on your guard. I suppose things are blue enough already, without giving yourself up for public execration by the papers, even before you are tried?"

"Yes—decidedly!" I exclaimed. "I could not endure that disgrace. It would be to me as bad as condemnation."

Here a customer called away Touter for a moment, and I concluded a note for Mr. Penn—with which I folded the newspaper account—to be left until called for, or until they heard from him, to know where to write.

"Did you get my furniture and traps from that house, Touter?" I asked, as he once more stood near me.

"Yes, the same afternoon your dispatch came. Everything is at my rooms. The doctor was moving then. Ha, ha!"

"Now, my dear old fellow, you must keep my things for me until I come back, which may be in a month, in six months, perhaps a year hence. Have you any objection to getting me some clothes out of my trunks? I know you haven't! But there's one thing more than anything else that worries me."

"Eh—what's that?" his eyes opening in amazement.

"Money!" I said.

"Pooh! I thought of that. They'll cash your check for me next door. How much?"

"I've got two thousand dollars in bank—my savings for years. I want two hundred dollars now."

"Make out your check!"

When I had done this, he ran out upon the street, and came back soon with the money.

"You are a friend in need, Touter," I said, warmly.

"Am I? Now, that's good. I've never been of any particular use to anybody before, and even now I don't take much stock in it. You can draw on me for all you want of this sort of work. But let that pass. Now, what are you going to do?"

"Get some supper, or I'll drop dead from faintness. It seems a week since I read that terrible article in the paper, and my head grows dizzy when I think of it."

"Wait a few minutes, then," said Touter, "and I'll go with you."

After a little while one of the clerks came in, and Touter and myself went out, first to his room for some clothes, and then to a restaurant. I know I walked like a guilty creature, fearful, watchful, prepared to run at the slightest intimation of danger, Touter, meantime, trying to reassure me.

"Keep calm, and have your wits about you!" urged this young man. "They don't know you yet, you may be certain, even if they know your name, which I doubt. They'll give you a good start till morning, always supposing we don't meet No. 169, who might suspect, you know. If there's no reward offered by the companies, the police won't bother you if you are out of the city. Tain't their way of doing things."

"I'm not so sure of that, and I seem to be the only one troubled. I'm roasting one minute, and the next my teeth chatter like castanets. You see, this fugitive business is new to me, and the sensation anything but pleasant. I'd give all I'm worth to be out of the trouble."

"Just you keep 'right side up with care,' Goldant. You'll feel differently to-morrow," said my companion, striding along furiously one minute, and then decreasing his speed to lay down some argumentative consolation.

When we were fairly seated at a table, and I had swallowed, at Touter's command, a glass of hot toddy, I felt greatly refreshed, and soon settled down to a deliberate mental consideration of my affairs, and to try and form some plan of action, while Touter was running on as to how he felt when he read the article, what he thought he should say to me when he saw me, etc., etc.

"You don't seem to be paying any attention to me," he finally said. "I'm not surprised, however. Do you mind telling me how you intend to get away, and where, and how you are going to keep away?"

"I wouldn't mind doing that if I had any purpose formed," I said. "I shall leave the city at eleven o'clock. I shall stop somewhere—don't

only knows where that may be—and then

wander away until I think I am so completely lost that nobody can find me, and I'll not know myself where I am."

There was nothing said after this for several minutes. I busied myself tracing faces on the table-cloth, with a tine of my fork, and Touter balanced his spoon on the edge of his cup.

"What a genius for crime!" he suddenly exclaimed.

"Me?" I asked, aghast at the supposition.

He burst into a laugh.

"Of course not! I was thinking of Captain Fimkin—Gost."

"An evil genius, most certainly, Touter. A villain from the ends of his toes to the end of the longest hair of his head. I can think of nothing good or sacred that he would not attack if his self-interest demanded it."

"Oh! you know him, then?" asked my friend.

"I have heard Mr. Penn speak of the man. He left his description at the store with us years ago, I remember, with instructions to arrest him if he ever put foot inside the door. What are you going now?"

"It's time, Touter. Good-by! You are one of the best fellows I ever heard of, and I shall always think of you as such. When I am ready, you shall hear from me. I have left a letter for Mr. Penn on your desk. Tell him all you know about my troubles."

"And what shall I tell Mr. Verity?"

"Tell him you think I've gone crazy, as I have. Of all sad happenings in my life, this running away to-night is the saddest. Good-by, now."

He took my hand and held it with a strong clasp, looking me in the face, as if there was something on his mind about me, of which he wished to relieve himself, but dared not speak.

"Good-by," he responded. "In everything, remember I am your friend, let me help you!"

We went out together into the night.

At the door we parted without a word, with only a firm grasping of hands, he to return to the store, I to begin my wanderings in order to escape the penalty of a crime with which I had no connection but an honest one, but into which I had been subtly drawn to gratify an insatiable revenge of my one bitter enemy.

Where to go was a question to which I could get no answer from myself. I passed a hotel just as a bus was about to leave. I entered it at once, without knowing or caring where it was going; went with it to a depot, entered a car, and made myself as comfortable as possible for a night's journey. The conductor informed me that the first large town on his road was about eighty miles off, so I paid my fare to that point, reaching it early in the morning. It was a handsome little city, beautifully located. Leaving my valise at a hotel, I wandered about the town, until the gray gloom of the Winter morning lost itself in the beauty of a golden day. I saw mills and factories, from whose tall chimneys great clouds of black smoke were beginning to roll out and spread like huge ribbons across the sky, and through whose gates went a small army of men and women. A strange feeling of desolation came over me at sight of this busy life, while I, a fugitive, seemed likely to endure an existence of restless idleness for months to come. Quickly came the thought, why might I not hide myself in one of those great establishments, by getting some employment, no matter how humble! No sooner was the thought conceived than I prepared to use it, and so followed slowly after a long line of operatives.

At the sign of "Office" on a door, I entered. Two men were standing by a stove, and as I approached, one of them said:

"He can't live."

Whereupon the other said with a sigh:

"Too bad! He was a mighty smart fellow."

The first speaker turned to me, and politely inquired what I wanted.

I stated my case—that I was a stranger in search of work.

"What can you do?" was asked. "Can you keep books?"

"I have done that," I answered.

"The reason I ask," said the man, "is because our second bookkeeper is not expected to live, and we must have some one to fill his place at once. If you choose, you can try your hand at it to-day, and we'll be able to tell then what to do."

"Show me, please, where to begin, and I'll do my best."

He politely mentioned desirability of references; and I replied that I was a total stranger in that place, having arrived only an hour or two previously. A silence followed this announcement, and a meditative contemplation of the floor by each of the men.

"Let him begin, Charles," said the elder of the men, finally.

The establishment proved to be a large paper-mill, with an immense business. An hour's work showed me many cogent reasons why my successor was in a dying condition. Nevertheless I did not once falter in my purpose to remain, if the company would keep me. That was decided in the affirmative that night, and I settled down, quite unexpectedly, in the quiet country city, and was as completely lost as if I had dropped into a well; for, working all day, and often half the night, I seldom appeared on the streets in the daylight, and knew no one save my landlady, who lived near the mill, and a few of the operatives. I wrote no letters, read no papers, cared for no society, and enjoyed my seclusion because it would be likely to keep me from being discovered. As soon as I got my work under easy management, I passed many a pleasant evening in strolling around the town, and so unconsciously preparing myself, and making the way for one of the strangest happenings within my knowledge.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—UNWINDING OF THE REEL OF FATE.

WITHIN a fortnight after my arrival, in one of my tramps about the southern end of the city, where the shops were most brilliantly

lighted, the stores the richest in goods, and the people the most aristocratic, I chanced to encounter in front of a drug-store a young man whose face and figure struck me with astonishment, because of the marked resemblance they bore to my own in every respect, except that of the beard and mustache, which he wore full, though close-cut; while I had only a long, narrow, but thick mustache. He was leaning against a lamp-post when I first saw him—the light from the drug-store windows falling full upon his face, heavy and swollen from the effects, apparently, of a debauch. As I passed him, these words, "I'll put an end to it!" came from his lips in a low, thick voice. This exclamation left upon me a feeling of distrust in the man's purpose; and, after walking on a short distance, I turned back just in time to see him enter the drug-store, and to recognize more strongly than before the wonderful likeness that existed between us. I seemed to be fascinated with the man for this very reason, and so watched him as he advanced to the clerk and obtained a small vial full of a dark-colored fluid. As he came out, I, suspecting the nature of his purpose, hurried up to the man who had served him, and inquired what he had bought. The single word "laudanum" showed me that my suspicions of his purchase and his intention were correct. Without a second's delay I ran after him, just in time to see him, a short distance ahead, turning into an alley. When I reached the spot, he stood in the shadow so as not to be easily seen by passers-by, and was raising the uncorked vial to his lips. Without a word of warning or inquiry, I caught the bottle from his hands and held it up to the light. It was as full as when purchased, and I dashed it to pieces upon the ground. At the same instant he gave me two or three quick blows on my chest, causing me only pain, not disability. If not stronger, I was more active than the stranger, and turning quickly, I caught and held him tightly in my arms. They encircled him like a hoop, confining his own to his side.

"What were you going to do?" I asked, from behind his back.

"I was going to murder myself," he said, giving me a savage look over his shoulder, "and you're an infernal fool for interfering. Take away your arms."

"Not until you promise to give me a half-hour's talk with you," I said, in a low voice, so as not to attract attention.

"I'll give you nothing. So let me go, or I'll shout for help," he cried.

"I don't ask much of you," I began. "Simply a few words here or somewhere else. Can't you be reasonable in the matter?"

"What do you want?" speaking more softly.

"First, an interview in some retired place where I can talk to you, explaining, if you desire it, why I have saved you from killing yourself."

"I don't care for that explanation. You've made a fool of me as well as yourself, by your put-in. Don't think I'm thankful, and all that sort of thing, for I'm not." His voice had descended from the high keynote of passion to a lower one of reason; and he stood quite still, with his head bowed down.

"Come!" I cried. "Will you give me that promise? If, after we have talked a little while, you want to kill yourself, well and good. I'll not interfere again."

"Kill myself!" speaking bitterly. "Curse you! I had to borrow the quarter to buy the laudanum with; and you've spoiled that. Now you think I can borrow again, maybe. But no matter; there are other ways. I promise you," he said, finally.

My arms at once dropped away from him, and he turned toward me as quickly as a cat.

"That was pretty well done by you," he cried, catching my arm and pulling me toward the light. "You're about my own size and build, and age, too, I guess. Why! confound it, stranger! we look alike! Did you know it? What's your name?" asking the question abruptly.

"My name is Goldant, and I am a bookkeeper in a paper-mill at the other end of town. But don't mind particulars. Let's get to a quiet place where we can talk without being overheard or interrupted, and where we can, at the same time, be comfortable!"

He shook his head at this.

"I'm too well, and somewhat too unfavorably, known to go to any of my old places. You fix a spot."

I suggested the office of a centrally located hotel.

"All right. They don't know me there. But see here! There's one thing I must have before I'll budge an inch. Men live by eating and drinking. I'm no exception. I live by drinking."

"Yes; and you were going to die by it. I'm sorry for you."

"No! are you? How much?" getting rid of a thick, muffled laugh, and rubbing his hands together as we walked slowly down the street. "Just a sip, now, Mr. Gold—Gold—that's easily remembered, but I'll be hanged if I can get the other part. Ah! I have it; Gold-ant!"

As it was my purpose to use the man, it seemed policy to humor him in this matter, so we entered a saloon, when he ordered an astonishing amount of brandy, and swallowed it at a gulp.

"Whoop! that wakes me up and takes the cotton out of my throat. Let's march! I'm equal to an army now." And away he strode, putting me at my best pace to keep up with him. The more I looked at him as he walked erect, suddenly vigorous and alert under the quickening power of the liquor, the more marked grew the resemblance between us, and the more was I resolved to carry out a plan which should test him, myself, and perhaps eventually return me to my lost estate in the world. The idea seemed a good one then, but it seems chimerical enough now. My friendless condition led me to indulge in all sorts of



purposes; and the one I was about to put into execution was formed almost at sight of the man, and perfected with the quickness of thought as we proceeded. I knew that, rid of the beard, nine persons out of ten would have mistaken him for me, although his full, bloated face, his heavy eyes and his shaking hand would, of course, undeceive those who knew me.

Securing two chairs in a quiet corner of the very large hotel-office, where the shadows of a bill of heaped-up trunks fell upon us, I began the most extraordinary undertaking, and held the strangest interview of my life. Sitting most in the shadow myself, I placed my companion where the dim light would touch him sufficiently on the face to enable me to study it without rudeness or impertinence.

Throwing one leg over the cushioned arm of the chair, he leaned back wearily and sighed.

"An hour ago," he said, "I thought my soul would be in another world, and my troubles ended. You were to blame for the disappointment. It was an unfair thing!" He spoke ill-temperedly, and as if my efforts to save his life were injuries.

"May I ask you a few questions?" said I.

"As many as you choose; but I'll answer them or not, as I choose." He jerked his leg down from the chair-arm, and twisted himself around so that his face was in the shadow as well as my own.

"My first one is simply for your name."

"Arthur Flynt."

"About twenty-three years old, I should judge?"

"Yes."

"That's my age, too," I said.

"That's nothing remarkable. There's lots of fellows of that age in the world. Don't moralize, now, or I'll get up and leave. As it is, I am uncomfortably curious to know what you're driving at."

"I don't want to be rude or over-inquisitive, Mr. Flynt, but I would like to know what made a young man like you want to end your life."

"Ever had any trouble?" said Mr. Flynt.

"All my life! That's been my chronic disease—trouble," I answered.

"And you never wanted to end one and both in the easy way of going to sleep nicely, and never waking up?"

"Never!"

"Why, it makes me sleepy to think of my being rid of a miserable existence in so easy a way. I'd like a little music to help me over the bridge; but I'm not particular."

"Then you prefer not to tell me the why of your attempt?" I asked.

"I didn't say that. When one is in disgrace, and can't get the smudge of it off his character, what use is there in living?—that is, if a fellow is decent, and has any sensibility in his nature? I have; and there's little doubt in my mind that, soon as this interview is ended, I shall go swimming in the dark waters of the Styx."

I think he was as earnest as a man could be, and firmly resolved to carry out that particular purpose of dying.

"It must be disgrace of a terrible nature that forces you to seek death," I said, consideringly.

"To some people it would be nothing. I am a drunkard, if you please! I've been teller in a bank down-town, with a good salary. I have been discharged. The cashier abused me. I knocked him down; all, probably, because I was in liquor, and had been for a month, notwithstanding warning after warning from my employer. The fellow wrote to my mother—who worships me—an account of the affair, and her heart is nearly broken. He also put it into the papers, the scoundrel! I've tried to get other employment; but all have heard of my disgrace, or are likely to hear of it, and I'm not wanted. My old friends, having reasoned with me without effect, now turn their backs on me in my misfortune, and I find myself without either friends or money. In fact, I've been on a spree for a week. The cheapest way out of the trouble is to get myself entirely out of the world and everybody's way. My poor mother won't have to be tortured every day by the knowledge of my evil deeds. I love that dear old mother beyond everything in this world—except liquor; and it is my cursed disposition that has whitened her head long before its time."

Bending forward in his chair, he fixedly contemplated the marble tiles of the floor, holding his head between his hands, with his elbows resting on his knees.

"The great difficulty between yourself and life seems to be a want of employment and of money, on the same side with your appetite for liquor. Am I correct?"

"That is about the correct thing," he answered, gloomily, nodding his head slowly and continuing to gaze upon the floor. "I've no ambition left. I'd like to know who would have, with no one for him but a dear old mother, whose heart is wearing out with sorrow—all the rest of the world against him? But what's the use of wasting time sitting here! I won't live in this way, and there's an end of talking."

He sprang to his feet, and was moving away.

"Let us at least finish our business, Flynt! Come back here and listen!"

He put his hands in his pockets, and looked at me for a minute, with a stolid, indifferent air, then returned to his seat.

"I will give you employment and reasonable pay," I began, "if you will act for me in a certain matter, under my instructions."

At this his face brightened up a little, and he said:

"Thank you! Let us hear the proposition."

"What I want you to do is to travel throughout the country, and to keep moving. You will avoid certain men and places, which I will name, and will not return without my leave. For this easy life, I ask only that you make report to me of where you go, what you see, and what you do, and that you will swear to me, as a man of honor, you will not touch a drop of liquor during your service. For this I

will pay you seventy-five dollars each month in advance, and your traveling expenses. You will dress as you choose; but you must cut off your beard, and wear only a mustache, like myself. This is the proposition in the rough."

For a minute he looked me steadily in the eye.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"What is what?"

"The trouble. Is it murder, or burglary, or highway robbery, or some other atrocious crime?"

"It is none of them," I answered; "even if it were, you are innocent."

"True; but I'm not in the humor to abandon death so easily for such a race, after I've made up my mind it's the surest and easiest way to settle my own troubles for ever. Give me a few moments to think about the offer."

"Of course."

Whereupon he began to walk to and fro in the office, while I watched him with feelings of wonder to see how very like to me he was in form, features, and action. Search the world over, and I could not have found a more perfect counterfeit of myself with which to deceive any who might have been in pursuit of me. To employ him would require a large portion of my savings; but I would gladly give them all to be free from the life of constant dread I was leading.

While I was deep in the mazes of what might come forth against me in the future, Flynt returned to his seat.

"I'll try it," he said. "Here's my hand on it. Now, when do we commence?"

"At once. I am mighty glad of this, Flynt, for it saves you by saving myself. In this life you are to live, you may be persecuted and threatened, but you can defend yourself. I am only shifting to your shoulders my own misfortune, which is that of being hunted for an innocent connection with a wrong that has been done. Take with you sufficient papers and credentials to establish your identity in an emergency. When will you start?"

"There's a train at midnight. I'll take it. The sooner I'm away, the better for me."

"True! On your way to the cars, step into a barber's shop and have your face shaven to correspond with mine. Your word of honor is passed as to abstaining from the use of liquor; for you cannot do business under its influence. You will travel hither and thither, doubling on your track as you may deem it necessary. Don't fail to report to me once a month, or oftener, if you hear of any important facts. You can draw on the City Bank the first of every month, and here's the first installment. Now, is everything clear?"

"There's nothing clearer," he said. "Can you be here in an hour?"

"Yes!"

"Thank you. I'll be back by that time," and away he sped at a rapid walk, a regenerated man, I thought, as I watched his course.

Before the hour was up he was back again, with a valise in his hand.

"I had to buy some clothes," said he, "for mine were in pawn. Now, I'm ready."

He was so changed for the better—so manly in bearing, holding his head up and stepping so firmly, I could not help mentioning it to him, and saying how glad I was to see it.

"Are you?" he asked, brightly. "Now there is more encouragement; and, to tell the truth, compared with two hours ago, I do feel like a new man. Perhaps this jaunt will metamorphose me entirely."

"I've made a queer bargain with you," said I, as he was about to leave, "and you may be annoyed at times, though I hope not. Of course, you will not mention me under any circumstances. When we meet again, I may be able to tell you my reasons for it all."

"Oh! that's all right; I don't care to know until you're ready to tell. As to trouble and danger, what do I care about them, after the events of to-night? This is a matter of business. To begin, I start. Good-by, Mr. Goldant."

He held out his hand and shook mine heartily with a strong, determined grip. I really disliked to have the man go, he seemed so much to me in the way of an acquaintance. He didn't seem to care much, for he moved swiftly down the street, whistling as he went, apparently as light-hearted as a child. Slowly I went to my miserable lodging, thinking of nothing but my strange adventure of the night, which had saved a man from death—a man who was my counterfeit in so many personal attributes—and whom I was using as a shield to ward off expected blows. Little did I think of the wonderful change in my life which would be effected through the instrumentality of my double; nor could my imagination conceive of the extent of the revolution in my history which I had unknowingly so auspiciously inaugurated.

I went on with my labors as methodically and with as plodding a faithfulness as though Arthur Flynt had never been encountered, yet, never for a moment forgetting that at any time I might be pounced upon by officers of the law, and dragged before an un pitying public as a notorious malefactor.

(To be continued.)

### THE STONE-CUTTER'S SIX WISHES.

ONCE upon a time there was in Japan a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much, gained little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

"Oh, if I could only be rich enough to rest, to sleep on thick matting, wrapped in a kimono of soft silk!" Such was the sigh he breathed to heaven. An angel heard it.

"It shall be according to thy desire," said the angel to him. And he at once became rich, and he rested, slept upon thick matting, and wrapped himself in a kimono of soft silk.

It happened that the Emperor passed by. He was preceded by heralds on horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavaliers, and surrounded by persons who held over his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

"What good does it do me to be rich," murmured the man, "as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort, and my head protected by a golden parasol? Why am I not an emperor?"

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And, indeed, he became the Emperor. He had an escort before and behind him, and people who held above his head an immense parasol resplendent with gold.

However, the sun with its ardent beams dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with its brightness, fatigued the eyes.

"It is a great advantage to be emperor," cried the man, "when the heat of the day exhausts you, and the sun never ceases to make you feel his power! But if one could be the sun!"

"Behold! Are you satisfied?" the angel asked. For he had become the sun, and he darted his beams up, down, right and left, and all around him. And he scorched the herbage of the earth, and the faces of the princes upon the earth.

But now a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him. It held back the rays of the sun, and prevented them from falling upon the earth's surface.

"There is strength," cried the sun; "a cloud capable of resisting my power; it would be better if I were a cloud."

"Very well," said the angel.

And the transformation was at once accomplished. The new cloud placed itself haughtily between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted the rays of the sun that it soon saw the earth covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain and pouring showers and water-spouts to fall on the land, so that the torrents burst their bounds, and the rivers spread over and devastated the fields.

Nothing resisted the force of the inundation; only a rock defied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the bellowing waters beat it in their fury—the rock yielded not, but the foaming waves died at its foot.

"A rock, then, is my superior," said the cloud; "I would rather be in its place."

"You shall be," said the angel.

And he was transformed into a steep, unshaken rock, insensible to the rays of the sun, indifferent to the torrents of rain and the shock of the tumultuous waves. But he distinguished at his foot a man of poor appearance; hardly clothed, armed with a chisel and a hammer; and the man, with the help of those instruments, struck off pieces of the rock, which he dressed into stones proper for cutting.

"What is that?" cried the rock; "has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my base? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that man!"

"Have your will!" said the angel; and he became again what he had been—a poor stone-cutter, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude; he worked much and gained little, but he had learned contentment with his lot.—*Japanese Fable.*

### THE LATE CHARLES LEVER.

THERE is nothing in the history of literature exactly to correspond with the sudden and complete change in Lever's novels introduced by "The Fortunes of Glencore." Most authors change as times move on, and many have at certain periods of their lives chosen new fields of labor; but Lever, half a century old, deliberately set himself to begin a fresh career. During twenty years of brilliant success he had been working a vein discovered almost by accident; but in his heart all the time was an ideal of literary labor to which he had given no practical heed. He had won laurels, as it were, by sleight-of-hand, but his native ambition had never been satisfied. While he had been amusing the public with farce, he had been studying life and character with a profound longing for a higher order of Art, and when once he listened to the inward voice and followed it, he never turned back into his old courses. His career as a novelist is in two wholly distinct chapters; the first begins with "Harry Lorrequer," and ends with "The Martins of Cro-Martin"; the last opens with "The Fortunes of Glencore," and concludes with "Lord Kilgobbin." There is little relationship between the two series. They appeal to a different class of readers, and to another tribunal of judgment. There are ardent admirers of "Harry Lorrequer" who read the book again and again, and keep it with them as a constant companion. To these "Glencore" was a disappointment, and all the subsequent novels in some sort a calamity; while those who know how to enjoy "Sir Brook Fossbrooke" find "Charles O'Malley" profitless and almost dreary reading.

There was never much self-deception about Mr. Lever. He was a man of the world, a scholar and a thinker, as well as a fiction-writer, and was not apt to be the sport of delusions. Beyond question, the novels of his later style are marked by great skill in the detection of character and in the unravelment of human motives. He had great knowledge of life in aspects not revealed to many writers, and he had wit and rare intellectual gifts, and a fine mainly turn of character. With all this, he was by nature a story-teller. In incident and anecdote he was inexhaustible. Looked at closely, his fictions are a succession of anecdotes, incidents and scenes. His constructive powers were not remarkable. There is no profound, spontaneous, comprehensive movement of the whole story, each passage and paragraph performing its part. The plot is loose, with a tendency to fall to pieces toward the end.

"The Fortunes of Glencore," on which he asked his readers to determine that he was capable of the higher class of fiction, was in this respect particularly defective. The personages and events are but indifferently wrought into the body of the story, and they shuffle off the stage toward the close in a very unsatisfactory fashion.

As an essayist, Charles Lever has laid no foundation for an enduring fame, mainly because he has been content to treat of passing events. His "O'Dowd" papers are clever, witty and thoughtful. The range of subjects in which he touched during so many years are the finest proofs he has left of his rare versatility. Not since the death of Professor Wilson has so great a loss befallen the old Edinburgh magazine. In fiction of the order of his later style he has left no man of mark behind him except the veteran author of "Pelham."

### NEWS BREVITIES.

THE French cable is being repaired.

THE wild plum crop is immense in the Missouri valley.

ITALIAN emigration to this country is largely on the increase.

GOOD mechanics can make from \$7 to \$8 per day in Arizona.

THE Western wits now call bigamy Utah-lizing the female sex.

WISCONSIN this month holds a national convention of Quakers.

THE figures show 1 widow to every 300 inhabitants of San Francisco.

PHENIXVILLE, Pa., is the first American town to export Pottery to England.

GEORGIA offers \$25,000 in premiums at its pumpkin entertainment this fall.

TOPEKA, Kan., has fined a barber 5 cents for shaving a customer on Sunday.

SEVEN locomotive engines for Russia were shipped from Philadelphia last week.

DOGS in Kamtschatka have socks upon their feet to preserve them from the snow.

THE streets of Rome have no lights but those placed before the images of saints.

WILLIAM PENN'S house, in Philadelphia, is now a drinking-saloon of the lowest class.

THERE are 90 councils of the Order of United American Mechanics in New Jersey.

ELECTRICITY is used with brilliant effect in Georgia, as a hint to corner loafers to move on.

NEWS comes from abroad that Bulwer Lytton is becoming quite infirm and aged in appearance.

THEY are trying to locate some of the Kaw Indians on a reservation near the boundaries of Texas.

THERE is a strong league in New York whose object is the annexation of Canada to the United States.

THE members of a brass band in Washington, Ga., have been reported to the Council for tooting too loud.

THE Duc d'Aumale has been elected President of the Councils General of the Department of the Oise, France.

LADIES and gentlemen promenading together of afternoons this fall are commanded by Fashion to walk arm-in-arm.

DR. BROOKS, of Paducah, has received the appointment of surgeon and physician to the King of the Sandwich Islands.

THE Government of Costa Rica has determined to have a navy, and has voted money for the purchase of a war-ship.

THE Colorado papers say they are getting in need of skilled farm help. Ordinary hands now receive \$25 to \$40 per month.

FOUR flying squadrons of Italian cavalry are to be formed for the purpose of putting a stop to brigandage in the province of Salerno.

THE chief signal officer in Washington is engaged in perfecting an apparatus by which the appearance and forms of the clouds at sunset may be recorded.

PRESIDENT MARSHALL, of the Railroad Conductors' National Association, has called the annual meeting of that body to be held at Louisville, Ky., October 23d.

SAN FRANCISCO papers state that the vintage of 1871 is the best ever produced by the State, and that the one of the present year will probably excel even that.

THE Government of Brazil has given notice of its intention to discontinue the Consular Treaty with Switzerland, but declares its willingness to conclude a new convention on a different basis.

THE annual exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society was opened September 17th, in Boston Horticultural Hall. There was a very rich exposition of fruits, vegetables, plants and flowers.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that, after their expulsion from Germany, the Jesuits of the Rhine provinces will go to Holland and Belgium, where they will remain for a time, and then go to England and America.

LOUIS RIEL, who caused so much trouble in the Red River Region of Canada some time ago, is now electioneering in the Provenche district of Manitoba, and is likely to be sent as a member of the Dominion Parliament.

AMONG the many artistic objects that will figure at the forthcoming International Exhibition at Vienna, one of the most interesting will be a model of Solomon's Temple, carved in lime-tree wood, from the description of Flavius Josephus.

GREAT regret is caused in Court circles by the circulation of the rumor that the illness of the Princess of Oldenburg, betrothed to the hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, is incurable, and that on this account the engagement may be broken off.

THE German Government has issued a second circular, in still more threatening terms than the original one, against emigrants; who, it declares, will be treated as outlaws over whom a special surveillance and supervision has been instituted.

A CURIOUS lawsuit will commence shortly in Paris. On July 23d, 1870, a wager of 200,000 francs to 100,000 francs was offered in a newspaper that the French would be at Berlin on the 15th of August. On the following day a merchant addressed a letter to the same journal, accepting the wager, and he intends to sue for the money by law.





## COMING OUT AT THE LITTLE END OF THE HORN.

UNCLE SAM—"Look at these figures, Ulysses. It seems to me that, through your folly in dealing with John Bull, instead of getting anything from him, I shall have a nice little bill to pay him."

## ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN was born, November 30th, 1830, in an obscure Russian village. During his infancy his parents removed with him to Moscow, where, at the age of six years—having exhibited remarkable musical talent, and promising distinction in his profession—he became known to Villioing, who was greatly interested in him. In 1840, after seeing Rubinstein rapidly improve during several years' tuition, Villioing took him to Paris. There he was introduced, at a concert, to Liszt, Chopin and Thalberg, and by his performances elicited their unqualified admiration.

At the age of twelve Rubinstein composed pieces which attracted the favorable notice of eminent musicians.

He remained eighteen months in Paris, and gave almost his whole time to unremitting study. From Paris he went to London, on his first professional journey, and attracted the attention of Mendelssohn, who immediately began to take a deep interest in him. This tour extended throughout England, and the record of it is that of a prodigy, whose appearance, talents and promise were alike extraordinary.

From England he went to Holland, Sweden and Germany, everywhere meeting with the most enthusiastic reception.

In 1840 the family, including his brother Nicholas, moved to Berlin, and the two boys were placed under the tutelage of Dehn, where they applied themselves with arduousness to their musical studies, assisted with advice and example by both Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, who resided there. In 1846 Rubinstein went to Vienna, and in the intervals of study gave lessons on the piano. Afterward we hear of his setting out for Hungary, with the flute-player Heindle, to give concerts. This was the severest season of his life, in which his sufferings and disappointments were many, keen and bitter. He settled down in Berlin again, and between studying, composing and instructing, occupied himself until 1849.

About the year 1852 the Grand Duchess Helene of Russia took him under her patronage, and from that time his star began to rise: he became a celebrity. This imperial lady made him director of music at her court for 1852. People began thenceforward to talk about him; his concerts came to be considered musical events, that excited everywhere intelligent criticism and comment. It was then that he founded the Conservatory at St. Petersburg, afterward united with a special institution for orchestral rehearsals. He directed both, and whether as conductor or master, he appears to have won the most profound respect. It was here that he gave himself to symphonic composition, and from this time forward his compositions have been numerous, many of them being esteemed among the grandest in the

world. He left St. Petersburg, and made a triumphant tour through Germany, England, and France. In 1870, he was offered an honorable and lucrative position in Vienna, as director, which he accepted, and has retained up to the present time.

During his residence in Vienna he has grown from a virtuoso to a maestro, and has come to occupy a position among the few creative men who are referred to for doctrines no less than for examples of the highest and most intellectual art. When that Titan of the pianoforte, Franz

Liszt, withdrew himself from the musical world, there was only one artist whom Europe consented should assume his mantle. Upon Anton Rubinstein was placed the chaplet which Liszt had abandoned. With the death of Thalberg it was thought for a time that *tune*, at least for the piano, had reached its limit. It was Rubinstein who added another arpeggio, and proved that he was Thalberg's superior as a musician, and the worthy successor of Liszt in execution. In him the two distinct methods met at last.

Such is the artist whom America now welcomes.

## THE CANNSTATTER VOLKSFEST.

THIS Swabian festival began, Monday, September 16, at Jones's Wood, and continued three days, being numerous attended throughout by our resident German population. The feature of the first day's festivities was a ballet *divertissement*. On the second, the principal event was the great historic Festival March, which began at 3 P. M., and is the subject of our illustration. The third day's festivities were closed with a ballet spectacle, and a grand display of fireworks, with calcium lights. On the second day the attendance was estimated at between thirty thousand and thirty-five thousand, and was the largest gathering ever seen in Jones's Wood. This is the eleventh annual Volksfest, and is given under the auspices of the Cannstatter Volksfest Association.

## THE SERENADE TO PAULINE LUCCA.

ON the evening of Saturday, September 14th, Madame Pauline Lucca received, at her residence in Fourteenth Street, possibly the greatest compliment ever paid to any artist in America, since the reception of Jenny Lind, at the Irving House, some twenty-two years since.

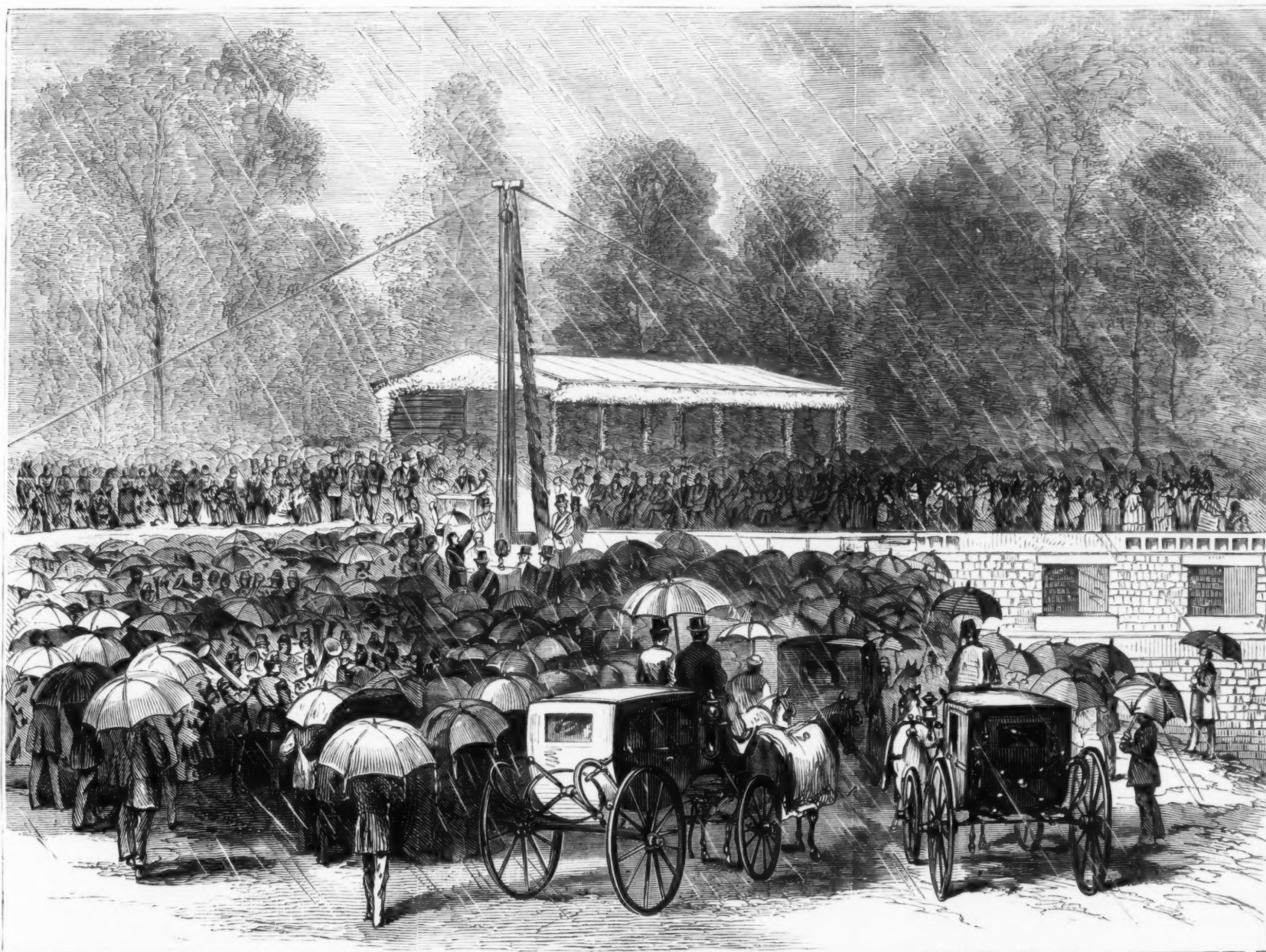
She was serenaded by the Liederkranz Society, in the full lustre of calcium, and with a magnificent orchestra.

The street must have been crowded with more than nine or ten thousand people, who exhibited by their thronging curiosity the expectations which the Lucca has excited in the musical world, as well as their appreciation of the Society which had met to extend her so cordially a tuneful welcome. The serenade commenced with the overture to Weber's "Der Freyschutz." This was followed by the "Bridal Song" of Kunz, sung by two hundred voices, and succeeded with a *bouquet* of melodies from Verdi's "Macbeth." Then came a chorus from Marschner, and the Coronation March from



ANTON RUBINSTEIN, THE EMINENT PIANIST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LUCKHARDT OF VIENNA.





NEW YORK.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE STATE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, AT BUFFALO.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEO. W. GIBSON.—SEE PAGE 62.



NEW YORK CITY.—SERENADE TO PAULINE LUCCA BY THE LIEDERKRANTZ SOCIETY, SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1872.—SEE PAGE 60.



Meyerbeer's "Prophète." This terminated about midnight, when Madame Lucca stepped out upon the balcony, and a loudly reverberating cheer arose from the ten thousand throats in the street, and some two thousand more which were framed in the windows immediately in front and on either side of the house. Then leaning through the clustering green that trailed over the balcony, a winningly exquisite face appeared, and its lips said tremulously, "From my heart I thank you." Again the multitude shouted themselves hoarse, and the Liederkrantz responded with the fine old student song, "Ecce quam bonum."

In the interior of Madame Lucca's dwelling were gathered the representatives of most of our leading journals, with many of our principal operatic and musical celebrities, and we may honestly say that never before has any leading *soprano* so wonderfully and completely established herself as the queen of every heart that was present, and this by the charm of her manner and person alone, for necessarily there was no vocalism within the house, although it contained on this evening the materials for such a concert as may rarely be given the public.

In conclusion, we would speak of the personal beauty of Madame Lucca, who is certainly the loveliest *soprano* who has ever crossed the Atlantic to this country, were it not that in a short space the public will have the opportunity of judging her claims in this respect, while they will be called upon to ratify the judgment of the Old World, which ranks her as the bright particular star of the operatic stage in every city where she has hitherto appeared in Eastern, Western and Central Europe.

### THE NEW BUFFALO INSANE ASYLUM.

THE corner-stone of the new Insane Asylum at Buffalo, N. Y., was laid with Masonic ceremonies on the 18th of September. Governor Hoffman and staff, the Sixty-fifth Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., with an immense congregation of spectators, were in attendance.

By the generosity of the City of Buffalo the State has been placed in possession of a location which has many advantages for an institution of this character. The grounds embrace an area of two hundred and three acres, bounded north by the Senecaquada Creek; east, by the line of Elmwood Avenue, continued from its present termination; south, by Forest Avenue; and west, by a line parallel to Grant Street, and three hundred feet easterly therefrom at right angles, forming nearly a square, with a frontage on Forest Avenue of three thousand twenty-five and a half feet. Included in the tract is a slip on the east side, taken and reserved by the City of Buffalo for the extension of Elmwood Avenue, should it be required. The grounds will be laid out and improved in accordance with plans to be furnished by the architects of New York Central Park and Brooklyn Prospect Park.

Interesting addresses were made by Governor Hoffman, the Hon. James O. Putnam, Dr. James P. White and Grand Master Fox. The box with the valuable historical contents was placed in its position, and shortly after five o'clock the stone was lowered, and the ceremonies brought to a close.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

FASHION—Society's uniform.

A SEA-SAW—The sword-fish.

A MATTER of course—Racing.

THE first game of life—Bawl.

A MARINE plant—The beach of the sea.

A LEGAL conveyance—The Black Maria.

DON'T let your cattle stray; we once saw a cowhide in a shop.

GRAVITY is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar of a shirt.

IF a dinner could speak, what would it say? Give me none of your jaw.

A NEW YORK firm put up young shad after the manner of sardines, labeling them "shadiness."

A HORSE has been known to go through the bars of a field correctly and without missing an oat.

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know if a fight among horse-jockeys can be called "a war of races."

THEY have "Dolly Varden" chills in Georgia. The sufferer turns all sorts of colors, and is terribly lumpy up.

A YOUNG woman being asked by a politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

WILLIAM, who always paid his debts, found that in less than a year after his marriage he had a little bill to take up every day.

THEODORE HOOK was asked to review "Three Words to the Drunkard." "Oh, my dear fellow, that I will do in three words: 'Pass the bottle!'"

SOLOMON says, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." By this rule the most valuable of the sex is only worth one dollar and ten cents.

A ZEALOUS prohibitionist, on being asked why he signed every pledge that was presented to him, gave as a reason that if he broke one, he would have the rest to fall back on.

A COUNTRY editor's sole editorial in one week was: "If anything will make man feel juicy about the heart, it is to talk velvet to a pair of sky-colored eyes by moonlight, in a clover-field."

A WESTERN paper has the following advertisement: "Engaged—Miss Anna Gould to John Can-dall, City Marshal of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and for ever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—young men are requested to withdraw their particular attentions."

"I SHOULD think," said a customer to a green boy in an apothecary's shop, "that they couldn't catch codfish enough to supply all the cod-liver oil that is sold nowadays." "Oh," replied the boy, "you see they make it now out of any fish's liver, and when they can't get fish enough, dogs and cats come in solidly!"

"My dearest uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Hamburg, and the boat sunk. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

"Do you like these cigars?" a friend inquired of a boon companion. "Indeed, I think they're admirable!" was the answer. "Well," continued the first speaker, "I'll tell you what I'll do." "If I love?" said the other, "now it's coming!" "I'll give you another puff of the superlative cigar—the address of the fellow I got them from."

THE other day a youthful pair, after the necessary preparations, set out on their journey to be married, but no minister made his appearance. They repaired to the clergyman's residence to inquire as to the cause of delay, when, upon search being made for that gentleman, he was found in the cemetery, where he had been waiting for nearly two hours, believing he was to bury them. The life-long knot was soon tied, and it was felt that "all's well that ends well."

WHEN Molière, the comic poet, died, the Archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The King, being informed of this, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his Majesty asked "How many feet deep the consecrated ground reached?" This question coming by surprise, the Archbishop replied, "About eight." "Well," answered the King, "I find there is no getting the better of your scruples; therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, that's four below your consecrated ground, and let him be buried there."

A CAPE-TER duty is plane;  
A cobbler for food sells his sole;  
A barber who's never crossed the main  
Still passes from poll unto poll;  
The brickmaker, bloodthirsty elf,  
To kiln's been addicted of old;  
The pillifier goes for the pen;  
An elder's as oft young as old;  
The weathercock-makers are vain  
Of the vanes they expose to the blast;  
The bellowsman never will refrain  
From "blowing" his wares to the last;  
A lawyer's existence is brief;  
A printer 'gainst vice should be proof;  
A builder will sure come to grief  
Who commences to build at the roof;  
The miller makes millions from mills;  
In all trades can money be made,  
But newspapers suffer from bills  
Which seldom or never are paid.

DOHERTY, the late Chief-Justice of Ireland, used to tell a good story of his posing days. He was going circuit in a post-chaise, and at a dangerous part, where the road skirted a descent, one of the horses, who had been behaving wildly all the way, began kicking furiously. Much alarmed, Doherty called out, "This is outrageous. I don't think that horse has ever been in harness before." "Bedad, your lordship's right. He was only took out of the field this morning." "And do you mean to tell me that you have put an unbroken horse to my carriage?" "Sorra a sight of the leather he has ever seen till to-day. And if he brings your lordship safe to the fut of the hill, the master says he'll buy him."

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?—Have you seen the most wonderful Sewing Machine of the age? The great Wilson Underfeed, the machine which received *Fourteen Premiums* at the Ohio State Fair at Mansfield, notwithstanding the many sewing machines competing against it. This elegant sewing machine is on exhibition at the N. O. Fair, and attracts universal admiration for its superior finish and style, beautiful work, easy and quiet manner in which it stitches, braids, etc. Unfortunately, there are no premiums offered this year at the N. O. Fair, consequently the Wilson cannot show its superiority over all other machines in carrying off all the premiums, as it has done before. No machine ever exhibited has met with such success in receiving premiums as the Wilson. It is the best Sewing Machine in the world, and the *Sweeping Victories* it has gained, the large sales that are daily made, and the increasing demand for it, are the best proofs that it has no equal. The magnificent salesrooms of this company, corner of Superior and Bond Streets, will be brilliantly illuminated every evening this week, to give every one an opportunity to examine the Wilson, and see the Palace of Sewing Machines.—*Cleveland Daily Herald*, September 13th, 1872. The Salesroom in this city is at 707 Broadway.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22, 1872.  
F. W. FARWELL, Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co.

DEAR SIR—Our experience with the Babcock Fire Extinguisher on this road (we have 230 of the machines) has confirmed our first estimate of it, as a most desirable safeguard. We have saved our buildings repeatedly, and in one or two instances have prevented what we may reasonably suppose would have been large conflagrations.

I cannot too strongly commend them. Their general use would render a fire a rare circumstance.

Yours, truly,

ROBERT HARRIS,  
Gen'l Sup't Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

### FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. O. PIERCE, Boston, Mass., has used her Wheeler and Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1859, without repairs, earning from \$12 to \$15 a week, making men's clothing. See the new improvements and Wood's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

### THE "SCIENCE OF HEALTH."

A NEW Independent \$2 magazine, sent three months on trial for 25 cents! by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE Wilcox and Gibbs Silent Family Sewing-Machine is the best of all family sewing machines, because it accomplishes most, makes the least noise, and does not injure the constitution of its lady operators. These things cannot be said of any double-thread machine. 655 Broadway, N. Y.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

DETROIT TRIBUNE, oldest and best Michigan newspaper. Daily has two editions each day, and the Weekly edition has a larger circulation than any other two Michigan newspapers combined.

BELLA BAQUE earnestly entreats her husband to communicate immediately. Canada papers please copy. 888-89

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is already one of the best known Hotels in the country.

### ALL DRUGGISTS

SELL  
Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion,  
Because it is reliable.

Three weeks is the extent of wear for Children's shoes, unless they have a

### SILVER-TIP

On to protect the toe.

For Service and Comfort, wear

### CABLE SCREW WIRE

Boots and Shoes, the best and easiest. All genuine have Patent Stamps.



SEND for the Improved Postage Stamp Holder. Sample 50c. Address, AMERICAN STAMP HOLDER CO., 108 Fulton Street, N. Y.

Holloway's Ointment.—Searching through skin and gland, nerve and muscle, to the very source and centre of external disease, this mild yet powerful vegetable salve effects a cure with amazing celerity. Sold 78 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Price 25 cents per pot. Ask for new style; the old is counterfeited.

### Just Published,

### "THE HOUSE WITH THE L,"

A NOVEL BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

A more sprightly opening can scarcely be invented. The two schoolgirls in the old house working out its mysteries and secrets, form a most attractive tale, which becomes in its development startling, dramatic, and tragic. It begins in No. 3-3 of

FRANK LESLIE'S  
CHIMNEY CORNER,  
Issued Sept. 16th.

### H. O'NEILL & CO., 327 & 329 SIXTH AVENUE,

Importers of Millinery Goods, have now open a full line of New Fall and Winter Goods.

#### STRAW GOODS.

200 doz. Straw Turbans, 80c., worth \$1.25 100 doz. Straw Turbans, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.10.

100 doz. English Straw Hats, all the newest shapes.

FRENCH FLOWERS. FANCY FEATHERS. OSTRICH TIPS.

500 doz. Fancy Wings, 50c.; sold elsewhere for \$1. 1,000 doz. Fancy Feathers, at a great sacrifice.

Largest stock of Ostrich and Fancy Feathers ever offered in the city, and the cheapest.

#### RIBBONS.

Full line of all the new shades in Nos. 5, 9, 12, 16 and 22.

SASH RIBBONS. FANCY & ROMAN SASHES.

Roman Sashes (all silk), \$3.

VELVETS. TURQUOISE SILKS. ENGLISH CRAPES.

#### NOVELTIES IN LACES.

Valenciennes Collettes, Ruffles, Bows, etc., etc. Articles in Lace and Illusion, for ladies' evening wear, made up in the latest styles. Orders forwarded by mail or express.

TIES & BOWS. WINDSOR TIES. CREPE DE CHINE SCARFS.

1,000 doz. Windsor Ties, 37c.; sold on Broadway for 75c.

We have now open the largest stock of Millinery and Lace Goods in the city, and at the lowest prices. All goods marked in plain figures.

LADIES! GO TO O'NEILL'S, 327 & 329 SIXTH AVENUE.

### GRAND OPENING.

### J. ROTHSCHILD,

IMPORTER,

BEGS to announce to his friends and customers that his first GRAND OPENING will take place on WEDNESDAY, September 25th, when he will exhibit the finest collection of

### PARIS MILLINERY

Of the most recherche styles, from the leading Paris and London houses. Also an endless variety of the choicest Novelties that were ever landed, in

French Millinery Goods, Paris Flowers, Ostrich and Fancy Feathers, JET & BEAD ORNAMENTS, ETC.

J. ROTHSCHILD, 58 West 14th St., N. Y.; 277 Rue St. Denis, Paris.

### SEND FOR THE Gold Illustrated Circular,

Giving fresh and full information of the

### FALL & WINTER FASHIONS

IN

### JEWELRY, WATCHES, CHAINS, ETC.

Circulars Free.

Any goods, C. O. D., Privilege to examine before paying.

F. J. NASH,

713 Broadway, New York.

"Has a good stock, and is entirely reliable."—*Ap-pleton's Journal*.

"Whose goods are just what he represents them."—*Christian Union*.

"Worthy of the fullest confidence."—*Christian Advocate*.

### FINE ELECTRO SILVER-PLATED TABLE-WARE AND CUTLERY.

At Wholesale Prices. Warranted Best Quality.

J. U. UNDERHILL, Manufacturer,

18 John Street, New York. Silver-plating and gilding.

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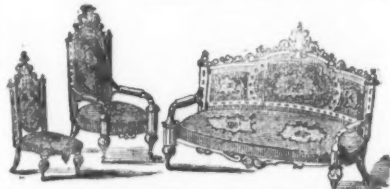
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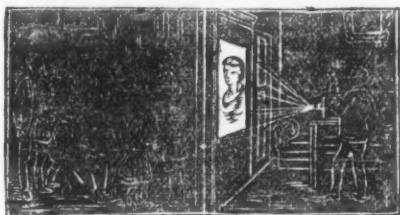
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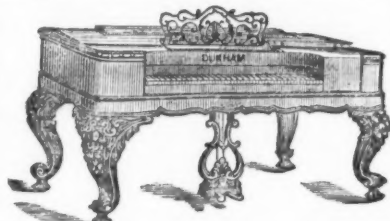
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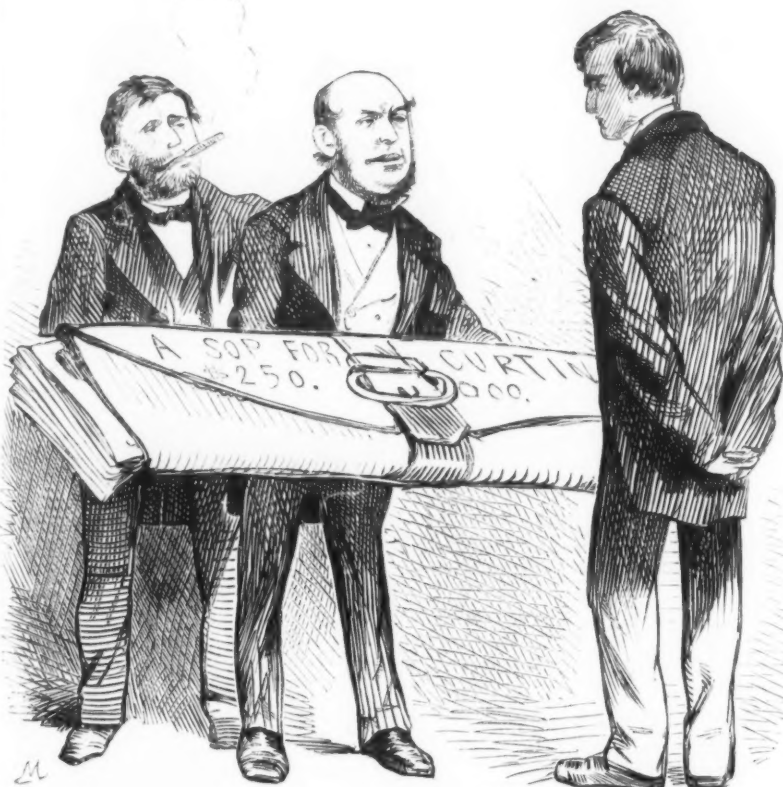
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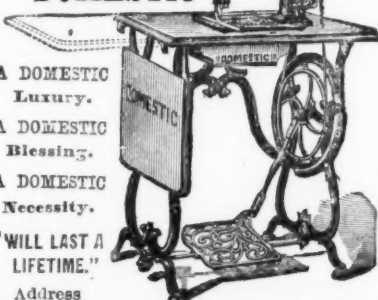
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